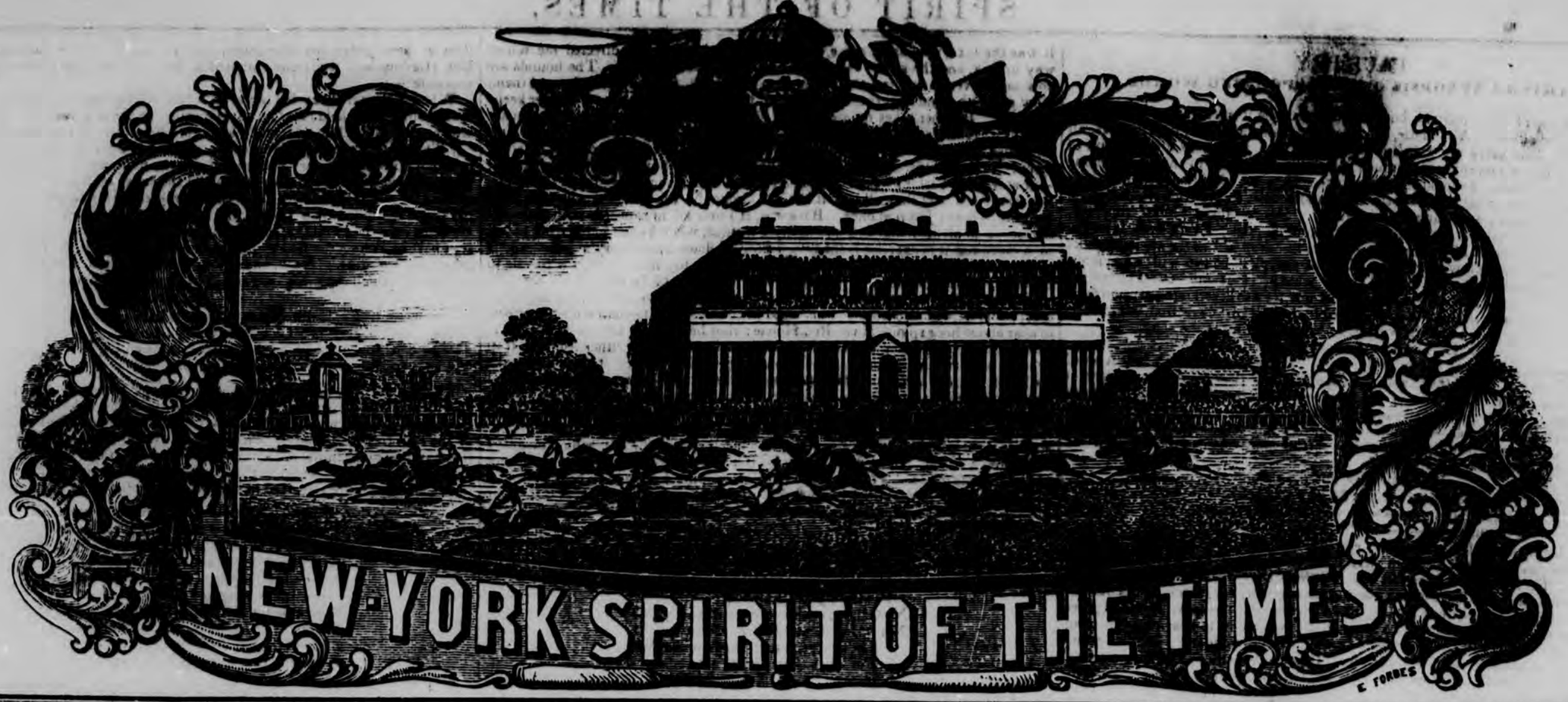

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No 21.

Miscellanies.

☞ The following *jeu d'esprit* of our good friend Noah, is one of his happiest hits. It should be hung up in every lady's *boudoir*, encased in a neat little frame, and every husband, when his wife talks of "bargaining," "cheapening," or "shopping," should point towards it! What an immense sight of talking it will save, and prevent many a little domestic squabble. The Major must give us these little pictures more frequent—he confers immense benefit on young married folks, and it will instil good ideas on economy into our young ladies, and lead many of we single folks to look more kindly on hymen's ties:—

Bargains.—It was Dr. Franklin, or some other sensible man, no matter who it was, that said, "anything purchased which is not wanted, is dearly purchased," and he was right, for the accumulation of useless articles, either in dress or furniture, involves what may be termed a total loss. Thus, take into account the purchases of young housekeepers, and we shall find three distinct classes; necessary, useful, and ornamental. In the scale of purchases, one is positive, the other probable, the third very doubtful. "One of my particular grievances," said a friend to us a day or two ago, "is the untiring inclination of my wife to buy bargains. She is the most amiable woman in the world, and this very amiability inclines her to lend a willing ear to the gossip, she daily hears of new stores and great bargains. She reads the auction sales, particularly of furniture, with nearly as much pleasure as the psalms of David, and my pantries are crowded with glass ware, plated ware, chandeliers, fish knives, china jars, tea and dinner sets, ottomans, fire screens, window curtains and candelabras, in sufficient quantity to set up a third cousin in a furnishing warehouse, and all of which was purchased at an average of ten per cent above the store price; and the fact is, my friend, she is so well known as an arrant jobber at these furniture auctions, that young couples, who wish to begin the world with economy, cry out, 'no bargains to-day; here is the indefatigable Mrs. Marall before us, and she is the very life and soul of competition.' When I go home to dinner, somewhat fatigued with the day's business, probably a little discomposed with some operations, she is sure to meet me with a smile and a hearty welcome, and after these domestic amiabilities conclude, she usually breaks out thus: 'My dear I have just heard of a very cheap store in Canal street, of burnt goods—very cheap indeed—very little if any burnt—painted muslins beautiful for four shillings, only half-price—blond lace edging at two cents a yard—think of this, and a variety of things uncommonly cheap—some wet goods too—I must go and see them.' 'But my dear, why go and see them—you want nothing—you have all your summer and great part of your winter dresses already.' 'Yes love, but I *may* want them hereafter you know—next summer probably, and they are so cheap—I'm sure to pick up bargains.' The next day, before I had time to put off my frock coat and slip on my linen jacket, and take a cool glass of claret and water, I am requested to take a seat on the sofa and look at the purchases. Gracious me!! Linen with burnt edges, quite rotten; damask towelling and table cloths, ditto—painted muslins with the colors running out—wet stockings—lots of belts—cotton balls—cards of rusty scissors—old fashioned Tuscan hats—cotton umbrellas stained and spotted—such an assortment of unnecessary and damaged articles, and at high prices, under the mask of economy, was never before spread on a parlor carpet for inspection."

We must confess that this ardent attachment to bargains is an evil which should be eschewed by every thrifty housewife. If a dress is really wanted, go to a store, buy a good article, and pay a fair price for it—you then have pleasure as well as profit. Instead of filling up bureaus and pantries with trash which is useless and costly, nothing will be purchased unless required, and what is required will be durable, useful, and satisfactory.

THE HONOURABLE BERKELEY CRAVEN.

The occurrences that have transpired during the week in the Sporting world, and the facts that have become generally known in the circle of Mr. Berkeley Craven's friends and acquaintances scarcely present in themselves sufficient cause (if indeed any cause can be deemed sufficient) for the melancholy termination of his life. It would appear, notwithstanding all rumors, that the deceased, had he lived, would have been a winner upon the whole of the races, although a loser upon the Derby day; and to one so long used to the changes and fluctuations of Turf speculation—the mere excitement of a transient and not irredeemable loss—could scarcely, one would think, produce so powerful and awful an excitement as that which led to the afflicting catastrophe; the less, when we remember that a man who retains but the smallest atom of a gambler's spirit never despairs until the chances of retrieval are gone.

The balance in his betting-book upon the Derby amounted but to 7000*l.*—the difference, which was of course the real loss, only to 5000*l.* The horse he chiefly backed was Gladiator—who came in second—and although he lost all that he had betted upon Gladiator's being the first in, he won proportionably of the losings of the field against his being second. Again, the *Oaks day* was all in favour of the deceased, who backed the Yorkshire Filly—the winner—upon whom he had 3000*l.* in one bet. Altogether it is computed that he would have netted about 200*l.* by the races of the two days.

After the death of Mr. Berkeley Craven, a rumour prevailed that some of his friends would come forward at Tattersall's and pay his losings, but no body appeared on settling day, and all his bets upon the Oaks were of course cancelled by his death. It is however even now reported that his debts will assuredly be paid. Tattersall's presented—or rather failed to present, other defaulters besides the honourable gentleman on Monday last, and the settling has been deemed "very shy."

It will readily be believed that a man who was so much upon the turf, and who, in his early life, was an industrious patron of the ring also, must have been pretty well known by the low, as well as the lofty, in the profession of slang,—and it tells nothing to his discredit that he was respected even by those whose "sports" put it out of the pale of possibility that he should be known to them more than by sight. A droll instance of the way in which his recognition by a "practical sportsman of low calibre" was followed by instant deference, occurred to Berkeley Craven at Vauxhall some few years ago. He was strolling with a friend on one side of one of the broad dark walks of the gardens, when a gentleman opposite was made sensible of the loss of his pocket-book by a sudden sensation of "light-weight" behind. He cried out "My pocket's picked!" and Craven perceiving a man near whom he supposed to be the delinquent, instantly "squared" at him and knocked him down. The man rose, and seeing who his opponent was, with the utmost coolness presented the pocket-book, at the same time exclaiming, "A thousand pardons, Mr. Craven; I had not the smallest notion that the gentleman was a friend of yours. It was quite a mistake—quite a mistake, I assure you."

Mr. Berkeley Craven was a rare instance of a gentleman preserving the most gentlemanly manners and demeanour through all the defiling influences of the pursuits to which he was devoted. The "pitch" against which he was continually rubbing did not adhere, and his habits remained in all their original fascination to the last, unvitiated by corrupt examples His disposition was essentially amiable, and he had, and exercised, the power of adapting himself to all societies, his conversation was rather playful and humorous than witty. He was esteemed, if not beloved, by all who knew him, and it is much to say, that through a long life devoted to turf pursuits, he was never engaged in any one transaction that left the slightest stain upon his honour, and his reputation was such, that in sporting circles he might have made up a betting-book to any amount upon the mere credit of his name. He was a Major General in the army, but we believe had for some years retired, nor do we remember that he ever performed much military service. At one time he filled the office of Aid-de-camp to George the Fourth.

The Honourable Berkeley Craven was the son of William sixth Lord Craven, and Elizabeth second daughter of Augustus fourth Earl Berkeley, who, after his death, became Margravine of Anspach and Bareith. London paper.

AARON BURR.—The Journal of Commerce mentions a case of more than ordinary interest, which is likely to attract attention on account of the previous notoriety of the parties concerned. The person to be tried is colored woman, named Maria Williams, and amongst the witnesses for the prosecution, is the celebrated Aaron Burr, now upwards of eighty years old. Mrs. Burr, his wife, formerly Madame Jumel, and a young widow lady the daughter of a lawyer at Troy. The subject matter of the trial has arisen from a suit, instituted about a year back, by Mrs. Burr, to obtain a divorce from her husband, on the ground of his having committed adultery with the young widow above alluded to, and the principal witness in support of Mrs. Burr's charge against her husband, was Maria Williams, who has been indicted for perjury.

A poor devil of a loafer was brought before the police court, at Baltimore, on Friday, charged with the awful offence of sleeping in a lumber yard. When asked what business he had there, he said that he went to sleep in an alley, but a young fellow coming in, tumbled over him, and when he picked himself up, he kicked him out, and then he went to bunk under a stall in the market, and a watchman told him to take his carcass out of that, and then he went to a lumber yard, and was trying the horizontal on a pile of boards, when another watchman took him to the watch house, and he contrived at last to get a comfortable snooze. He told his story with so much simplicity, that it melted the heart of the justice, and he was dismissed pro. tem. Boston Transcript.

TIGHT-LACING.—An anatomist informed me, that upon examining the body of Mademoiselle Leblanc, a young French milliner, remarkable for a fairy-like smallness of waist, who died at Edinburgh an early victim of consumption, he found that those portions of the lumbar and abdominal muscles which had been subjected to the highly strained pressure of the stays during life, were reduced to the consistence of a soft and placid cellular tissue, faintly sheeted with muscular fibres. Frescheu.

KATY VAT LIFES ON DE BLAIN.

AIR—"Jessie the flower of Dunblane."

De sun has gone town shust behint te blue mountains,
Unt left te tark night to come on us again;
Ven I sthumbled along 'mong de schwamps unt de fountains
To see vonce mine Katy vat lifes on de blain.

How schweet is de lily mit its brown yellow plossom!
Unt so ish te meadow all cofered mit grain?
Put noting so britty and sthicks to my posom,
Like schweet little Katy vat lifes on de blain.

She's pashful ash any, shoost like heraunt Chiney;
She's neder high larnt, nor yet foolsh nor fain?
Unt he's a great fillan mithout any fedin,
Dat would hurt mine schweet Katy vat lifes on de blain.

Sing on you schweet pird, mit your song for de night,
It's so nice ven de hills sings your songs pack again;
Sooch choy to mine heart, and sooch monstrous telight,
Prings schweet little Katy vat lifes on de blain.

JEMMY FUNSTER is really the oddest mortal that was ever endowed with the comfortable power of locomotion; an original, an utter precedent in every thing fanciful, strange, and unaccountable, in thought, word, or deed; often did his fantastic pranks bring him before "His Hond," in charge of some one of the lynx-eyed conservators of the peace, who had found him the pivot of a crowd of grinning, noisy idlers, blocking up the footway of some populous thoroughfare; and as often did his inexhaustible humor and sly *blarney* get him off unscathed.

Was it scorching summer and the day most clear, Funster was sure of his bang-up and umbrella! but get up a shower or a thunder storm and off would go those useless "contrapations," and out he'd sally,

"With his bosom bare,
Nor heed the blasts that howled along the sky."

Was there a holiday or merry-making on foot, Jemmy might be seen mounted on the wall of some graveyard, a sable 'kerchief round his hat, and phiz the very picture of gravity. Anon, Sunday would find him the gayest of the gay.

Upon this occasion, Jemmy had "indulged" too freely in the "ardent," and was fairly captured by Parris, of the Police.

Mayor.—Well, Funster, you're here again, eh?

F.—Yes, your Honor, I'm like a bad penny, always coming back again.

M.—I shall now be obliged to be severe with you, and give you an impressive lesson.

F.—Thank your Honor. I shall be obliged for any instruction, for I don't know as much as Thos. Jefferson did.

M.—No. I should judge not;—but I hink a month's incarceration would do you good.

F.—Well, you're the doctor; but I should like to hint an honest difference of opinion; besides, the loss of character; and then the remedy is decidedly worse than the disease.

M.—Not at all, Sir. I don't see that it could injure you in the least.

F.—Ah! but your Honor don't discriminate;—now, it is the hardest job imaginable to affect any thing but your Honor's kind heart, while the very breath of slander would knock my reputation into the middle of a gin shop!

M.—Yes: and that's the very thing I'm afraid of, for no doubt you'd immediately return to that poisonous stuff, if I should let you off again.

F.—Why, it's not so hard to take as Elixer of Assafœtida, and if you think it is poisonous, I must give it up of course, 'cause "life is sweet," but I reckon its monstrous slow poison though, for uncle Tom sucked it forty years without hurting him, and he then got the manner-o'-poacher, which of course killed him up!

M.—Well, then, be off, and don't let me see you here again.

THE CAP SHEAF.—A gentleman from this town, travelling westward lately, fell into company, among others, with Gov. Duncan of Illinois. The conversation turning of course upon real estate speculations, the Governor said that he had just completed the sale in New York of a piece of land in Michigan city, which two years and a half ago cost him $250, and that it had more than doubled on the $250, every day since, i. e. increasing in value $250 every day. He sold it for $250,000. Hampshire Gazette.

CULINARY INGENUITY.—A military colony on the way to Moscow was visited by Alexander. His majesty, entering a kitchen, observed a *goose upon the spit*, and, on visiting a second, saw a similar feast preparing; in short, in every kitchen he slipped into he invariably beheld a goose roasting, and was satisfied the colonists had abundance of cheer. It was, however, discovered that the Emperor had been imposed upon, for, after all, there was only a single goose, which had been most dexterously conveyed from one kitchen to another, so as to be turning at the fire when he entered—a contrivance on the part of the Governor to impress his Majesty with the warmest opinion of the flourishing state of the colony.—*Rae Wilson's Russia, Poland, and Finland.*

ANECDOTE OF BUCKHARDT.—Buckhardt after having an audience of the Pacha of Egypt was called back, and the Pacha said to him, "You speak Arabic with too much purity to have learned it merely from conversation. You are a German or an Englishman, and are travelling about to write a book; say at least in it that you did not succeed in deceiving an Oriental. You have learned every thing very well, but I have found you out by your feet, which are not those of an Arab, but have been long cramped into shoes." On the road to Mecca provisions are often scarce, and Buckhardt contrived, very dexterously, to put some bread, which had been left, in his sleeve. Upon this a Turk said to him, "Now I have discovered you! you are a Christian dog, and, because you do not trust Providence for a single day, you have stolen the bread."

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

"Sure the people's bewitched this blissed night—I've me hands chuck full already, and more's coming in 'em. I've already lodged six crittors in the watchus. Two are *gardeners*, who had been *moistening* their *clay* with a little *mountain dew*, but it weighed down the *plants*; so I *transplanted* them into the watchus. O! it's too wet they were intirely. The next was a shoemaker, who fancied the bricks lap stones, and was hammering away for dear life—strike, strike, strike—he was *nailed up, sewed up*, and swore by St. Crispin, if I tuk him he would *leather* me; so I just gave him a dacent bit of a *welting* to privint his obstropolousness, and left him with the gardeners. Then I came up to a tailor, who was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the road. O! by de powers, said he, what a *goose* I was to quit bed and board, and *sheer* off from my better half—may *cabbage* never be my portion again if Mrs. Snip dont *shred* me into a *remnant* for this, "Mr Snip," says I, "is it you." "It is, says he. "I'll give you board and cabbage you myself." "Thank you," says he,—so I put him with the rest. The fifth person was a *polly tition*—"I'll go the whole hog," says he, and with that he sprawled whole length in the gutter. "There's no mistake in me." "Damned a ha 'porth," says I, "but what the devil are you doing here! bad luck to ye," "I've come to vote," says he. "Then I'll be after first taking you to the right place," says I, "you've made a small bit of a little mistake; this is not the place, at all, at all." "Damn the place," says he, "what do I care for place." "O may be its all the same," says I. "I'll go the whole hog," says he, "no mistake in me" "To be sure not," says I, as I turned him in with the rest and left him to explain the nature of his *polly ticks* to them. The sixth was a bit of a religionist who exhorted me to deal tinderly with a fallen lamb. "The flesh is weak," says he, "but the spirit is strong." "Where did you get it," says I, "at Kerrison's," says he. "O to be sure it is mighty strong at that same place"—and I walked him off and left him praching to the rest in the watchus.

This was said by a redoubtable son of the Emerald isle to a brother watchman on duty; but scarcely had he finished his narrative of his night's adventures ere a shout, long and loud, assailed his ears and off he sat like a war horse at the sound of a trumpet. "Who goes there?" said the voice of one high in spirit, but low in body, aye low and lowly, for the short statured was measuring his little length on the ground.

"It's I sure, the watchman."

"Stand!"

"That's more than you can do."

"Friend or foe?"

"That's as you behave yourself. Who are you?"

"Houston?"

"Thunder and fire, the *giniral?*"

"The same, the infernal Mexicans have wounded me in the leg, but I whipped them. Texas for ever, hurrah."

"And so the blackguards hurt you in the head, the leg I mane, but it's all one."

"To be sure it is, liberty or death to the soul of a brave—Liberty and death."

"But hadn't your giniralship better have your leg dressed?"

"Liberty and death."

"O to be sure."

"Independence—Texas—Santa Anna."

"That's the boy"

"What's the boy?"

"Santa Anna."

"I shot him in the leg, I'm Houston—General Houston—Liberty and Death—Texas—Independence—Hurrah."

There's some recruits giniral," said the polite watchman, thrusting his drunken, self-deluded, companion into the *watchus* with the gardener, the shoemaker, the tailor, the *polly titian* and the religionist.

"O! but its work, intirely," said he, as he strolled forth to look out for number eight.—*Emigrant.*

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—*An Irish Grievance.*—A brandy faced basket woman, named Kitty Welsh, bellowing loudly, as if in some desperate affliction, and pretty considerably disguised in liquor, presented herself before Mr. Chambers, to "ax if he was his Hanner, the Magistrate, who thransported her childer?"

Mr. Chambers.—What do you mean?

Kitty.—Bekase, if you are, plaze sind a warrant to make Nelly Byrne come forment you, and bind her over to the pace.

What has she done?—She tuk away me carrakter in the face of the public. She called me, at the corner of Leg-alley, a false shwearing ould ——, and said I tuk a false oath, and thransported me daughter. Here, your Hanner (taking a bundle of papers from her pocket), rade this, me marriage lines—and this, me last quarter's resute—and this, me certificate for the hospital, and thin, let me ax am I like a false shwearing ould ——?

I suppose you said something provoking first?—Not a word, yer Hanner. I've got a civil tongue in the head of me, and shew me any one who'll say they ever heard Kitty Welsh spake a bad word to a man, woman, or childer.

Well, come here when you are sober?—Sober is it you mane? Sorrow the dhrop I've tasted this blessed wake.

Why, the gin is running out at your eyes.—(Kitty, in a rage.)—Gin! why, you thief of the world, you drink more gin than me. The devil fly away wid the likes of you! do you think I'm after coming here——

As it was quite evident the applicant was about to open the flood-gates of Leg-alley eloquence, one of the officers laid hold of her, and after a smart struggle, placed her outside the office.

PAUL PRY

TAKING A SYNOPSIS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.

Well, I hope I don't intrude, but I wish I may die if ever I saw so lively a sight! 'tis beautiful! All bustle, all glorious confusion; but, nevertheless, all happiness. I am sorry my *Paulina* is not here, she is so very fond of a bit of sport—my Rib would enjoy it so much. I really don't wish to intrude; but one cannot intrude here. I should think they are such a set of jolly dogs, all hail fellow well met. Sporting of all sports—pick and choose, as my fruit-woman says, where you like best, according to your fancy. Here's HORSE-RACING, HUNTING, MILLING, CRICKET, SAILING, BOXING, ANGLING, SHOOTING, &c. Every body is on the *qui vive*—some to look after the blunt—others to '*drop it*,' as the sporting folks say. What funny fellows they are! Lots of sharps to be met with, and plenty of *flats* to be picked up! But it is all right: what precious dull '*Old Fogeys*' we should soon be, if we had not something now and then to divert our attention from the crosses and losses in this life, and to rub off the rust of '*Care*' from our minds! we might also lay down and die with grief, and according to the song,

"Let us all be unhappy together."

No, no—that will never do for *Paul Pry*. Blow me, if I don't love a bit of life; and I am not one of those sort of chaps who say they enjoy the 'luxury of woe!' I am for the other side of the picture—to laugh and grow fat. Besides old English sports do good to all classes of life—the money is continually changing masters at such times—the rich man spends it freely, and the poor fellow finds the advantages resulting from these sort of amusements for the sale of his wares. As the late Lord Byron said,

CASH does, and CASH alone;
CASH rules the grove, and fells it too besides;
Without CASH, camps were thin, and courts were none;
Without CASH——

I wish I may die, "If I an't all my eye and Betty Martin:" and Lord Byron, great a man as he was, if he were alive now, he could not say a bit more to the purpose. Therefore, as I often tell my *Paulina* over our twankey, and *Sally Lunn*, when she and I can't match our horses together, every one to his *fancy*: and so it ought to be—there is nothing like variety—and the sporting world gives you a fine sample of it. May I be hanged, if I don't like to hear those sporting chaps *chaff*, as they call it; you cannot be dull in their company; yet, nevertheless, there is a great deal of *routine* about their conversation, and they scarcely ever open their mouths without finishing the sentence with, "I'll bet you 2 to 1; 6 to 4; and so on, that you do not name the winner:" indeed, without a *bet* amongst these sort of gentry, any thing like interest seems to evaporate from their minds, and the whole of their arguments become little else than "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Blow me, if ever I shall forget it the longest day I have to live; indeed, it always makes me laugh whenever the circumstance flashes across my memory, although the first time that I told it to *Paulina* I thought she would have snapped my nose off. She looked at me with such an ill-natured frown that I did not know what to make of it, when she observed, that I ought to have been ashamed of myself—it really was profane, nay, quite awful. Something like making game of the church. But Lord bless your unsophisticated soul, answered I, you never *Paulina* were more in the basket in your life time, to think that I would make game of the church! Indeed, I know myself too well for that: because I am well assured there are several good ones amongst them at all events. I have lived long enough to know that the 'Devil is never half so black as he is painted;' and in spite of all the songs and balderdash made against the clergy, I shall always pay respect to the 'good ones' of the cloth:—

At the sign of the horse,
Old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot;
O'er a jorum of nappy,
Quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd the canonical sot!

However, this is neither here nor there to my story; but that Tom Six-to-Four was such a precious fellow for betting, that I happened once accidentally to meet him in a chapel, when he, without the least hesitation, offered me a wager of 3 to 2 that he would mention the time by five minutes nearer than I did, when old Spintext had finished his sermon. Blow me, if ever I felt so much ashamed in all my life, and I did not know where to put my head; therefore, I was compelled to bolt, and *cut* the sermon, in order to prevent behaving ill towards the minister, or disrespectfully to the congregation.

But, nevertheless, there are a gay, high-spirited, liberal-minded, set of fellows, who forget and forgive in spite of all their little '*blowings* up' to get a *point* the best of one another in a bet; and likewise the right sort of chaps to make the money fly, as the tradesmen call it, and to keep trade moving. Blow me if I don't remember the "FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB," as they called themselves:—that was the 'time of day' for the Sporting World, as my friend Jack Dash used to say, when you might meet with a 'mob of swells' in every street at the west end of the town, and 'well breeched' into the bargain, with lots of *goldfinches* to make the 'wisit pleasant.' Talk of the procession of the mail coaches compared with 'the fours,' why they must not be mentioned in the same day with the elegant turnouts of the Club. It was quite a treat to see them start from Hyde Park Corner: such prime cattle, I never saw before nor since, proper high-bred ones, quite beauties; and I wish I may die, if every one of their *drags*, yes, they used to call them *drags*, I well remember, were not complete pictures to look at, and ought to have been framed and glazed for the honor of the coachmakers, and to perpetuate the taste of the club. They were indeed, *real* gentlemen coachmen—dressed like gentlemen—and also looked like gentlemen, although their *toggery* was sporting like, and appeared rather knowing. I think now I see Mr. *Charles Buxton*, their leader, mount the box and give the signal for starting: I fancy he was a fine fellow to put-'em-along; an ornament and honor to the road; followed by *Lord Hawke*, nothing else but a good one to get over the ground; and close after him the *Earl of Portarlington*, an excellent whip. Mr. *Akers*, also a capital coachman; and then Mr. *Osbaldeston* with his '*Canary*,' as those high-bred ones used to call his vehicle; indeed, it was slap up to the echo, that is, slap up again; you could not keep your eyes off his *drag*, it was such an elegant article—a pattern for all other coachmen. The *Hon. Captain Agar*, who well knew what to do with four prime tits before him; *Sir Harry Vane Tempest* was likewise 'bang up' to the mark; and the S. S. of the Club; *Sir John Rogers*, who could handle the ribbons with as much ease and dexterity as he did his feather, to make 'all right.' The *Earl of Sefton* pushed along with all the style of a first rate charioteer; Mr. Wedderburne Webster, equally on the *qui vive* to add style to the club; and the *Hon. Lincoln Stanhope*, full of life and fire, scarcely able to hold in his prime 'goers' they were such out-and-outers. *Major Pelby*, safe, pleasant, and easy, driving with all the *sang froid*, as if toddling over a bowling green. *Sir Bellingham Graham*, at home to a peg. A regular sporting hero—well furnished for the box, the chace, or the race course. Nothing to learn, but complete at all points—the proprietor, horses, and drag, all of a piece—excellent. *Sir Godfrey Webster*—a regular dash, neck or-nothing, turf or turnpike, and no odds about the matter. Never on the fret, but who looked after the leader, and made the wheelers do their work—might have got a birth for a regular dragsman, and no questions asked—the whip looked well in his hands *Sir Charles Bamfylde*, pluck to the back bone—too game to be beaten on any suit—with the *prads* quite under his command. *Mr. Champion*, nothing wanting to 'show off' well. *Mr. Harrison*, a right one, and never at fault; and, though last not least in the catalogue of excellence, *Sir John Lade*, the emperor of whips—whose title precludes the necessity of any further comments. Blow me, if I would not walk, nay, almost *hop*, ten miles to see such a club start now-a days; but the young *Swells* do not appear to me to have half the spunk the above 'Choice Spirits' possessed. They were, indeed, nothing else but *rummy* ones!

The proprietor of race-horses will entertain you for hours together with the blood, bone, and pedigree of his high-bred cattle; but ask him to trace his family connections, and he will laugh at you for being a bore, and wonder how you could waste your time upon such dry uninteresting details. Telling you, at the same time, to let the dead rest in their graves, as he has objects of greater importance in view.

See the Course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
What confusion, but hear! I'll bet you, Sir! done!
Ten thousand strange rumors resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tir'd ear;
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The HIGH-METTLED RACER first starts for the plate.

What a beautiful race! A handkerchief might cover the whole of them! How charmingly FANNY moves her legs! What speed! She's a picture of a horse! There's nothing like her on the course for blood and bone! The mare wins the Cup for 1000 gs. "Done! once more, if you like!" "Done!" "I'll do it again, Sir!" "You do to the end of the chapter! She is not the favorite, and that's quite enough for me to *lay* upon her. Bar Long Legs and the Duke, and I'll take the field." "My eye, did you ever hear such whipping and slashing! There's jockeyship! Neck and neck! What prime ones! It must be a dead heat!" "No, no!" "HUZZA! FANNY's got the lead—she keeps it! What a plunge! Go along, my dear FANNY—she passes the winning post! She's won the Cup! That's the time of day.—Huzza! Huzza!" I wish I may die, if this sort of sporting lingo is not very *moving*: it keeps all our senses upon the alert; and, for the time being, the interest is kept up so strongly on our minds, that nothing else is thought of but the winning horse.

And then the FOX-HUNTER, who thinks he is always at the heels of the fox, if you listen to his discourse; yet, I wish I may die if it don't do one good to hear him, there is so much spirit in his description:—

"——— Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away;
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy."

It was the fox I saw as he came down the hill; those shouts directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop there not, for they fast beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! Gallopes no longer keeps his place. Brusher takes it: see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it! yet Victor comes up apace. He reaches him! See what an excellent race it is between them! It is doubtful which will reach the cover first! how eagerly they strain! —now Victor, Victor! Ah! Brusher you are beat: Victor first tops the hedge. See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! The hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once. Blow me, if I an't all in raptures with their discourse—it is all life: and as I say to my *Paulina*, when I can't get her out of bed in a morning, it is exercise is the best doctor—I hate apothecary's bills—and I always cry out when I see their draughts come into my house; 'throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none of it.' And the best way too, I'll be hanged if it an't!

Neither is the *pigeon-shooter* at a loss for arguments to support his favourite sport; and he will also keep you engaged in conversation for half a day together, to hear about his exploits at the Red House: that he may be backed with safety, as he is in the possession of a gun that never *misses* the bird, either from the trap or in a preserve, he is such a good marksman. Blow me, if it does not make me laugh heartily sometimes to hear some of these *chaps* praise themselves, and lay it on as thick as mustard—they 'out-herod Herod,' so much with their would-be crack shots; but then, as I tell my *Paulina*, there is nothing like being good-natured—that 'more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar;' so I *accommodate* them and swallow it all as gospel what they assert. By which means I never lose a friend. And I wish I may die if it an't the best way—there is nothing got by *contradiction*. Then sometimes in an evening I drop in to hear a bit of a *chant* after they have killed baskets full of birds—which gives a zest to their glasses of liquor; and which enables them to blow 'dull Care' away with the whiffs from their cigars:—

There's no rural sport surpasses,
PIGEON SHOOTING, circling glasses,
Fill the crystal goblet up;
Fill the crystal goblet up;
No Game Laws can ever thwart us,
Nor *qui tams* nor *Habeas Corpus*,
Let's be grateful; here's a bumper;
For her bounty, here's a bumper.

The lovers of *Sailing* are equally eloquent in support of their amusement; and I wish I may die, if they don't study how to look and act the character of a sailor with as much care as a performer on the stage; and they also knock about nautical phrases to the great astonishment of the natives of the villages both up and down the river—with the most perfect ease and confidence. But blow me if I don't like to go a short voyage in a sailing boat—you enjoy so delightfully the breezes, and also avoid the dust: indeed, Paulina will have it that *short* voyages are the safest on board such boats. "That is a prejudice, my dear *Paulina*," says I; "Did you ever hear now of a sailing boat being lost?" "No, *Paul*," she replied; "I must admit that I did not." "Well, then," I answered, "as Bill Bet-all says—it is all the amateur sailing boats on Old Father Thames to one, that there is no going to the *bottom* about it and I hope I may never have another sxuint to get hold of a secret, if I don't like the *gallantry* attached to those clubs—they name their boats after sweethearts, or some favourite girl; and if I ever have the luck to have one built, blow me if it she can't be called "the *Paulina*:" in accordance with the following song:—

My love's a vessel, trim and gay,
Rigg'd out with truth and stor'd with honor,
As thro' life's breeze she cuts her way,
All eyes with rapture gaze upon her.

Built, ev'ry wond'ring heart to please,
The lucky shipwright's love and fancy!
From stem to stern she sails with ease,
And at her launch they called her NANCY.

If you pay attention to the Patron of Scientific Pugilism, you will find that he is equally as much devoted to *Milling* as the lover of racing, the ardent fox-hunter, and the *patient* angler, are to their various sports. He is quite eloquent in his mode of delivery upon the subject:—"Only look at his condition," says he, at the boxer he is going to back, "he is as fine as a star; as full of bone and blood as a thorough bred racer, and as nimble on his pins as a greyhound. He is a picture to look at; and such a boy to *hit* and get away, and never *distressed!* He is quite an artist in his line—he paints after nature; and the late Sir Thomas Laurance, with all his tip-top excellence, never produced such beautiful colours. View him as a *polisher*, and the French are a complete century behind him for talent—he *polishes* off his antagonist in such quick time: but for putting in a *floorer*, what an author would term a *climax*, and the actor a *denouement*; he is nothing else but a Nonpareil—and he must prove the winner. 'Lombard Street to a China-orange,' and no mistake:—

First, my muse I'll invoke—the brave Sires of the Fist,
Those heroes of old who stand high on the list,—
To Figg, father Broughton, and veteran Slack,—
TOM JOHNSON, MICH. RYAN that brave PADDY WHACK!
To do them all justice I cannot now stay,
Nor half their brave actions and feats here display,
But *country or colour* to us are the same,
Only anxious are we in *preserving* the GAME.

And then the *quiet* angler, who prides himself on his favourite sport, viewing all other sorts of amusement as little better than loss of time, who will sit, throughout a long summer's day, like

Patience on a monument,
Smiling——

And yet appears completely satisfied with *his* day's sport, if he only obtains "a *nibble*." Well, blow me if there is any accounting for the different *tastes* of men; yet, nevertheless, the adage is perfectly true, that "one man's meat is another man's poison:" only hear the angler:—

Oh, my beloved nymph! fair dove!
Princess of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie
And view thy silver stream
When gilded by a summer beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And, with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd industriously to try.

May I never again pick up a bit of information on the sly, if it is not quite a treat to hear the 'chaff-cutting' between the chaps in the Sporting World, denominated '*Trotters*;' their very souls, as it were, seem interested upon nothing else but 'trotting-matches,'—it is quite a *mania* among them, from the proprietor of the humble *donkey*, the natty kill-bull, up to the *Heavy Swell*. The leading feature of their discourse, at all times, is concerning the capabilities of their cattle: i. e., what a horse can perform in an hour, either to walk, trot, or to gallop. "I have got one of the fastest things alive," observes an old Trotting Man to his company,—"there is nothing like my mare in this country; or in the next to it; and also a great way further off—the whole world." Blow me if I have not often started again with surprise at the strange remarks I have heard; and, when the subject has been completely exhausted, then you are sure to hear it brought forward again in verse,—

Come, I ride as good a trotting-horse as any one in town,
He'll trot you sixteen miles an hour, I'll bet a hundred pound:
He's such a one to bend his knees, and tuck his haunches in,
That to heave the dirt in people's eyes, he think it not a sin.
So he rides away, trots away, &c.

In fact, in every different pursuit in the Sporting World, you will find persons equally animated in the praise of that peculiar sport, in which they feel the most interested; and the CRICKETER will tire out your patience with the abilities of Jem Never-lose. "Jem," says he, "is such a prime chap to catch a ball, to bowl down a wicket, or to stump his man out, that there is nothing like him in the list of cricketers. He is a very poor fellow, but that is of no consequence to Sporting Men; he possesses such knowledge of the game of cricket, that the Swells from all parts of the kingdom always send for Jem when they are making any match of consequence; in fact, they can't do without Never-lose, if they mean to *win* the match; besides, he is such a good one to make up 'an Eleven' against all England." I wish I may die, if Jem an't so much interested in the game of cricket, that he does not care one farthing respecting the success of the Reform Bill,—paying off the National Debt,—or who 'rules the *Roast*;' so that he can catch a ball, or bowl his opponent out. Blow me, if Never-lose did not get me into a string for one whole evening, upon the merits of the different cricketers in England, that I could not get a word in edge-ways; however, upon leaving Jem, I told him the '*innings*' I had had that night at cricket, would last me all my life time

The admirers of COCKING are not destitute of arguments to back their favorite sport; indeed, at the present moment, in several of the cock-pits, both in town and country, are to be seen noblemen of the highest rank in the peerage, and some of the oldest members of the House of Lords, giving it their support and sanction. "Well, blow me if I can make it out, to witness the sums of money won and lost upon the different mains all over England! But such is the fact, and my answer to the *Cockers* is, if I can enjoy my amusement without restraint, you may fight cocks till you are tired of it." Bob Heel'em-well, a great cocker, and a fellow who had also the gift of the *gab*, used frequently to ask, with a sort of confidential triumph, "I should like to know what any body has got to say against *cock-fighting*. Aye, who has got any thing to say against cock-fighting? If they have, only let them hear what I have got to urge in its favour, then let them judge and determine; and I'll bet it is two to one in my faaour." Bob Heel'em-well was quite eloquent in his recital of the following well-known anecdote:—

When THEMISTOCLES led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbours, he beheld two COCKS engaging in furious combat. The spectacle was not lost upon him; he made his forces halt, and thus addressed them:—

"Those COCKS, my gallant soldiers, are not fighting for their country, their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty: THE ONLY MOTIVE is, *that the one is heroically resolved not to yield to the other!*" This impressive harangue rekindled their valour, and led them to conquest. After their decisive victories over the Persians, the Athenians decreed by law, that one day should be set apart in every year for the *public exhibition* of COCK FIGHTING, at the expense of the state.' Now, says Bob, with exultation, I think have put on the '*stopper!*' concluding his argument with the following verse of a sporting song:—

I'll race my *Jack*, or bait a *bull*,
Or fight my *Doodle-doo*
I'll flash a *quid* with any *cull*,
And fly a *pigeon* blue!

The WRESTLERS are quite 'up in the stirrups' respecting the antiquity of their sport; and offer to bet any odds that *wrestling* is the oldest on the list of sports. Be that as it may, within the last few years it has made great progress in several of the counties in England; and Devonshire and Cornwall have contended for the championship, in the persons of *Cann* and *Polkinhorne*, with great spirit and ardour on both sides, reminding us that the 'days of chivalry are o'er.'" Polkinhorne and Cann are esteemed as the two best wrestlers in the kingdom:—

"Now clear the Ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly WRESTLERS take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.
—For life is Hugh of Lambert lame,
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the *wrestling* match, the King
To Douglass gave a golden ring.

The Metropolis also has been the scene for the decision of several great matches between Cann, Gafney, Copp, Thorne, Murray, &c. The principal places of resort for the wrestling fanciers to meet have been at the Golden Eagle, Mile-end-road; and at the Eagle Tavern, City-road; kept by the well known sporting Tom Rouse. The latter person has endeavoured to 'keep the game alive,' by offering prizes of 50*l*., 25*l*., 15*l*., for the best player; and also several Silver Cups have been given to the winners, by the landlord of the Eagle Tavern.

But I wish I may die if I should like to be pulled and hauled about, and my shins kicked as I have seen some of them, for all the plate in Rundell and Bridge's shop; no, I am blowed if I should,—but every one to his liking. Abraham Cann is a very fine wrestler; indeed, there is a certain sort of superiority about his action, that I never met with in any other wrestler I ever saw throw a man. But most of the counties have different modes of wrestling. Cann is considered by the men as a very fine, well-made, athletic man; but, by the females, rather handsome, and something of the *Adonis* attached to his person. He has got a good head, with fine glossy, black, curling hair—something after the manner of the late Lord Byron, which rendered him extremely attractive in the eyes of the ladies. Blow me if the women an't funny creatures after all—so I tell *Paulina*; indeed there is no being up to them. The Sporting World may boast of their *fancies*; but may I be hanged if it an't all nonsense to the *fancy* of a female:—if she takes a *fancy* to any thing, she must have it; or mischief is sure to be the result—which I think the following anecdote will clearly illustrate:—

The present wife of Mr. Cann, a female connected with a most respectable family, and a pretty woman into the bargain, was so much attached to Cann, during the time he was engaged in paying his addresses to her, that all opposition to their union was useless. A gentleman of fortune, and also a man of fashion and high repute in the neighborhood of Exeter, appeared in the character of a rival to Cann, the poor wrestler, and offered to make her his bride; but, without the least hesitation, she refused the dazzling offer, by observing that she would sooner be the mistress of one of Abraham Cann's pretty glossy curls, than all his fortune—his lands—his house—his carriages—and his own person as a make-weight to the bargain. Blow me if it an't impossible to account for the *taste* of women-folks!

I wish I may die, if there an't my old acquaintance the keeper of the *Une, Deux, Cinque* Table: my *Paulina* and I cannot agree at all upon this matter, and, petticoat-like, she insists it ought to be called *One, Two, Five*, in downright English, as she will have it. With all my rhetoric I can't persuade her she is in the wrong. I said to her the other day, now, my dear *Paulina*, who would stop to look at a play bill with plain Mr. or Mrs. ——— upon it; but only let Madame and Monsieur ——— be announced from Paris, and a crowd of folks will assemble around it immediately: *foreign* names always excite attention in England. Therefore, I say, a little *mystery* is the thing; or what the play folks call "doing the trick!" People in general don't understand what is meant by the words *Une, Deux, Cinque*; and that accounts why they wish to learn all about the game. A French phrase, introduced here and there, always gives importance to the subject; but I will say no more respecting it, as *Paulina* will not give it up. However, I will just take a peep at his tent, to see if any improvement has taken place inside of it since I last sported my half-crown. As a '*chaff-cutter*,' I think him one of the Greatest Creatures in the History of the 'gift of the gab!' Matthews, Liston, and Reeve, would be at fault to have a *turn-up* with him in a 'Battle of brains;' indeed, Sir James Scarlett with all his experience in the knowledge of '*blowing-up*:' a witness would be totally at a loss to 'reply;' the great Chancery lawyer, Sugden, would be bothered and upset altogether, if not run the danger of getting his own *nob* in chancery; and Counsellor Phillips, as good a *gammoner* ar ever sailed down the *Liffey*, with all his high stilts in the oratorical line, would be double distanced in a twinkling; in truth, the whole *Bar* would be 'told out' in competition with my *chaffing* acquaintance. He does not lose any time to pick his words; in truth, they flow from his lips like the rapidity of a water-fall, sweeping, as a mighty flood, every thing before it. If CHESTERFIELD suit his purpose, then a touch of the '*elegant*' makes its appearance; but if a *slang* phrase from *Grose* will give greater effect to his argument, or render him more intelligible to his audience, he adopts it without the slightest hesitation. "I hope I don't intrude Mr. *Une, Deux, Cinque*, I merely '*dropped* in' to see how you kept the game alive?" "Intrude, my dear fellow," replied the *Chaffer*, "I beg you will not mention it! You never were more welcome in your life. What do you say, Mr. *Paul Pry*, to a sparkling glass of pink Champagne to put you into spirits, there is nothing like it upon the course, and you are as welcome to it as the flowers in May; or, a tiny drop of *Eau d'vie*, all France cannot boast of better; and king William has not got in his palace at St. James's any liquor of finer flavor, than I can present to you from my little snuggery; indeed, it is what we *chaps* call the illuminating stuff; it lights up your whole frame, in an instant you are almost in a blaze, and you become as gay and brilliant as the sun in the month of July, before you know where you are. But I will not press it! You are a man of the world, and know what pleases you best, and also how to conduct yourself. But, if you prefer Madeira, it is at your service; or Hock, Barsac, Port, Sherry, or any other wine, only mention it, and a glass of either of the above good things of this life shall be at your elbow before you can say, quick, presto, begone. My dear fellow, me and my pals are only here for the *accommodation* of the public. Pleasure is the order of the day with us; and win or lose you will find our faces as steady and without the slightest alteration, exactly like Old Windsor Castle in the distance But we, ourselves, like our friends always to win: ''pon my soul, it's no lie, I'll bet a thousand.' *Strangers* may do as they please, that is their business and not mine; but let us hope we shall all be lucky to-day. We are well breeched for the occasion, and Fortune's favorites will have a rare chance if they have any *pluck* about them to sport their *blunt*. We have nearly emptied the bank at Windsor of all their sovereigns, and cleared out all the large and small inns of the neighborhood of half crowns and their tills without any *pewter*. We are determined to do the thing in style this time; and every facility given to change notes of the largest amount with all the celerity at a banker's counter! in order to give the visitors a chance to make their fortunes! yes, I repeat the word, fortunes!

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune!
Once omitted, all the rest of their lives
Are bound by shallows.

Then follow the advice of Shakspeare: here the flood gates to riches are open to every body; I say to every body, and no distinction made to persons so as they are prepared with the *needful*. Take notice *One* half-crown may be made into FIVE, only by the stopping of a ball! ''Tis as easy as lying!' Brains are not wanting; and study is out of the question at this noble game of chance called *Une, Deux, Cinque*; recollect, there are no puzzling situations belonging to it like games of science! A baby can win as well and as quiet as the Accountant General if he only puts down his cash on the *right* color. But I will not deceive you, gentlemen, I hate *deceit*; indeed, any thing like deceit would ruin our characters. But I must say that *pluck* is necessary; therefore, if any gentleman does not stand 'shilly-shally,' half afraid, and dare not put down his *cole*, but, on the contrary, if he comes up like a thorough-bred one to the winning-post, the *Une, Deux, Cinque* Table, he may win more gold in a minute than he can count in half an hour; and ever afterwards snap his fingers at any of the 'Upstarts in Life' for the remainder of his days. This glorious circumstance has been accomplished: can be accomplished: and may be accomplished again and again by the lucky adventurer. But delays are dangerous—now is the time, or never—remember we are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and the next day, however you may wish it, we are not to be found. Then, I say, make your game, gentlemen, the

chances are as clear to you as the sun at noonday; but I will explain them once more to you in order that no person may complain of ignorance: *Une* is one; *Deux* is two; and *Cinque* is five; therefore lose no time, but make your game; twenty can play as well as one, but the more the merrier; so now if you wish to win make your game." Well, I wish I may die, if the dialogue of this capital chaff-cutter does not operate on my feelings so strongly that I appear under the influence of a load-stone—I cannot quit the spot. But nevertheless, it must be viewed as a 'bit of life' on a race course, and when I grow old, and cannot quit my fire-side, all I know about the matter is—I then cannot lose my money at *Une, Deux, Cinque*.

I wish I may die if I don't see in the Royal Stand, our king William, God bless him! He is the right sort of a king—a king of kings; and a good citizen into the bargain. He is a lover of liberty, to the echo that applauds again; and Freedom had never a stauncher friend to the cause, than our out-and-out monarch. He is a good husband; and in the character of a father he is a pattern to all other fathers in the kingdom. Blow me, what I now assert comes from the bottom of my heart—it does come from my heart;—I have a prime little crib of my own, and I do not want any place or pension to burthen my country; therefore I cannot, will not, be looked upon as a flatterer. Our king is a friend to the people—he is one of us—an Englishman to the back bone; he has lived amongst us: he is acquainted with our wants from his own eyes and ears; he is also aware of our difficulties and privations; and he loudly praises our subdued feelings towards love of country. King William has now arrived at the top of the tree—the English oak; and he is most anxious to do all the good he can for his loving subjects, and all his exertions are directed towards making them happy. He does not want to deprive the people of their little sports and amusements; and he will not in the slightest degree abridge the sports of his subjects. There is nothing like cant and humbug in the conduct of our beloved sovereign; but, after the manner of a true hearted sailor, it must be all fair above board, or else he will shiver their timbers who may try to deceive him under false colors.

May I never cock my eye-glass again if I don't well remember seeing that great personage when he was his royal highness, the duke of Clarence, at a *mill*, at Moulsey Hurst; and blow me, why should I be ashamed to tell the truth? I shall never forget the English-like conduct of his royal highness upon that occasion; I was delighted with it—and every person present was in raptures with the remarks which issued from the lips of the royal duke. Indeed, his majesty is too well aware that 'TRUE *courage*' is the key-stone to the greatness of Old England.

One of those aristocratic boroughmongering lords, who had left his carriage for a few minutes, as he was accidentally passing the spot, to take a peep at the 'Sports of the People,' felt himself very much annoyed that he was not immediately recognized, and a 'bed of roses' prepared for him, to prevent the rude wind from interfering with his dignity: one of those sorts of persons in the peerage, whom the late facetious *Peter Pindar* has so finely sketched:—

But then I'm told again, that grandeur's sure,
At owning obligations to the poor;
Such thanks cut no figure in discourse,
To say, I'm much obliged to "a horse."

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant;
The man that doth receive a hare or pheasant,
Might certainly somewhat from manners spare,
And say, I thank ye for the bird or hare.

But there was nothing like thanks in the composition of the noble lord alluded to; nay, quite on the contrary, he looked down upon the spectators with the most aristocratic sort of contempt, and appeared quite restless for fear the slightest touch from a plebeian should contaminate his olfactory nerves. The royal duke, observing the uneasiness of the noble lord, thus addressed him: "My lord, you appear rather to be annoyed; but be pleased to recollect that we are all Englishmen alike here; and as to places, we must do the best we can for ourselves." Blow me, but this slap of the chops, as I called it, operated like a cordial to my feelings; nay, better than a thumping glass of brandy; and I remember it as well as if it only occurred yesterday, saying, well, I wish I may die if ever his royal highness comes into power, he will be the right sort of a king to make the people happy; and hang me but my conjectures have proved 'a bit of good truth.'

It is at Ascot, delightful Ascot races, where the public have the opportunity of beholding his Majesty, and of hearing his remarks without the least reserve. The course at Epsom races, on the Derby day, displays thousands of well-dressed persons, with plenty of *dash*, and *here* and *there* sprinkled with some fashionable folks; and is, in reality, a most beautiful and interesting sight; but on Ascot Heath the splendor of the scene is unrivalled; and the truth is verified to the echo which applauds again, that the king's name is a tower of strength. Ascot may be deemed the rallying-point for all the nobility and gentry for miles round Windsor, to pay homage to their beloved monarch. It is a so at Ascot that dukes, duchesses, marquisses, earls, &c., are to be met with in numbers, promenading up and down the course, as much at ease as if walking on a private lawn. It is also truly interesting to view the king at his ease, divested of the paraphernalia and etiquette of the court, habited like a private gentleman, easy of access, and conversing with the utmost affability and attention to all his auditors. To behold a monarch of a mighty and powerful nation, without his guards, (but possessing a more firm and lasting support than stone walls, or fixed bayonets), secure in the hearts of his people's love; it is English from top to toe; and not only a most gratifying, but a real picture of the independence and liberty of the country. The distance of Ascot from London gives it also a preference over Epsom; the set out and return to the Metropolis is too long a journey for a single day, and tends to operate more like fatigue than hours devoted to pleasure. The ride through the great park, the appearance of the noble trees, the beautiful surrounding picturesque scenery, the dashing charioteers along the road, the venerable castle, enriching, and giving the prospect a perfect climax, altogether make the journey to Ascot races one of the most desirable places for a week's pleasure in the kingdom. His present majesty, king William, has not been so much interested on the turf, as his royal brother, the late king George, and his royal highness, the duke of York. The latter august personage first made his *debut* in the Sporting World, at Ascot races, in 1789; and his royal highness was extremely attached to horse-racing; and, at one period of his life, his stud was said to be unequalled. But, nevertheless, his present Majesty enters into all the spirit of the lively scene, and appears to enjoy it equal to any of the sporting characters present. During the last races, after the king was asked how many of his horses should start for a certain plate, his Majesty answered, with great *naivete*, "O let all the FLEET run!"

But blow me, if it an't all the same thing, after all—talk as you like, and say what you will about the matter—every man has his hobby in this world, and will ride him after his own pleasure. When I was a young one (and I wish I may die if I should have any objection to peg back a few years: for, to tell the truth, I am not so tired of the pleasures of this world, as to wish to give them up yet a-while; and, indeed, my *Paulina* says that she would have no objection if I could make myself a bit younger—as youth is the season made for joys. Very true, my dear *Paulina*, says I, but you know very well that we cannot have our cake, and eat it.) Yes, when I was a young one I was a tiny bit of a Sporting Character, and rather a sort of hankering after the *fancy*, and was generally considered a 'good man' by all my acquaintances; but, very soon after my *Paulina* took a 'fancy' to me, I was compelled to take a leaf out of another sort of book; indeed, I became completely changed in my habits and general disposition, and being rather of an inquisitive turn of mind, I obtained the title of PAUL PRY. Blow me, if one of the Sporting Characters, for a joke, or *chaffing* me, as he said, endeavored to give my pedigree to the company, one night, when I accidentally 'dropped in' to the Pig and Tinder Box, to have a few whiffs on the sly; "Why," said he—the people all laughing—"that sire of yours, *Paul*, was not half a good one; he was nothing better than a pitiful sneak—poking his nose into every company, where he was never invited, and pretending to know every body's business, and a complete stranger to his own affairs; and, to wind up his character, a most disagreeable, impudent fellow. In this state, during his rambles, where he ought not to have rambled, he met with Miss *Curiosity*, a sort of slip-slop personage—a back-biter—fond of making mischief, and a promoter of scandal. She was never welcome any where, either at home or abroad—dear at any price; and must have been knocked down by every auctioneer in the Kingdom, as a 'shocking bad lot!' This was your precious dam; and the pedigree of your parents. The above union produced a colt—yourself—who was named *Paul Pry*—a chip of the old block, but, most certainly, worse in quality and quantity than either your no-nothing sire, or your presuming, ignorant, vain, self-sufficient dam. Now, if you think you can get a sounder pedigree of your family, or a better character for yourself, why all that I have to say more on the subject, is, you may go and look for it." Blow me if this *chaffing*, as he called it, did not procure him lots of applause, and roars of laughter; and I could not help joining in it with the comical dogs; as it was not so much out of the way, neither, as a body might say—and people in general might not obtain such a good pedigree by paying for it at the Herald's office.

I wish I may die, if the Sporting World is not a complete world within itself—it has its laws, customs, manners, peculiarity of language, and style of dress; and a very funny world it proves to many folks—there are a great number of *ups* and *downs* in it; and worse *falls* are experienced by Sporting men than any tumbles they meet with in hunting. Blow me, if I have not heard the Sporting World compared to a pawnbroker's shop—that the chances are Two to *One* against any person who enters it as a matter of speculation to realize a fortune; although it cannot be denied that such achievements have been accomplished, and may be accomplished again; but the instances are very rare.* but, nevertheless, it has its advantages as well as its evils; and the races, in many parts of England, not only afford pleasure to numerous classes of society, but enable many poor country folks to pay their rent; indeed, who look forward to the time of the races as a sort of land-mark, from which the above advantage is derived by the great influx of strangers which generally attend such sports, and likewise from the sums of money which are expended at them. The sporting world also offers great encouragement towards promoting the breed of horses, dogs, &c., and many noblemen and gentlemen, attached to the British sports, expend great part of their fortunes, by giving employment to thousands of persons. However, it cannot be denied that the attractions of the sporting world are very alluring to the high-spirited, the thoughtless, and unwary persons, to speculate with their money on sporting events; that ruin, precipitate ruin is too often the serious consequences before any such result is anticipated. There is also great ambition in the sporting world like other movements in life, that some men wish to possess the best stud in the kingdom; or a crack pack of hounds; and superior animals of every description: and no doubt but great sums of money have been expended in this manner. It is equally true that many persons are to be met with in the sporting world, who obtain a livelihood, as it is termed, on the "*chance* of the thing;" but nevertheless it does not follow that all sporting men are GAMBLERS; indeed, the contrary is the fact; there are numbers of breeders of horses, and backers of men, who contribute towards the stakes or prizes given for certain things, to be accomplished in the sporting world as a reward for trials of skill and exertions, in the true sense of supporting British sports, but who never risque a shilling on any event in a *gambling* point of view. However, such things must find their own level; and notwithstanding the rapid strides the March of Intellect has made towards the improvement of society, we have not heard amongst the numerous patents which have been specified, that one has been obtained, possessing the qualities of changing a fool into a wise man; to put brains into an empty skull; or to convince an obstinate man against his will; but, until something like this can be procured to regulate the propensities of mankind, orators may declaim against the pernicious effects of the sporting world, and parsons preach till they become hoarse, and yet obtain no proselytes. Blow me, as often as I have said to my Paulina, men who have their eyes open ought to see their way; or, in other words, to 'look before they leap;' and if they have ears to hear, why do they not listen to good advice, and avoid the glaring errors committed by the thoughtless and dissipated part of society! and again, why do not men in general profit by the terrible examples which daily cross their paths, to behold men of immense property reduced to wretchedness and beggary, and all owing to their improper conduct? "Why, my dear *Paul*," said *Paulina*, laughing, "you are become quite a preacher, you have been *prying* for something, I think!" "Yes," I replied, "*Paulina*, I must admit I have had a little of the talk this time to myself, and you must not expect to keep all the *preaching* to yourself in future: and, therefore, by way of *finale* to my synopsis, the next opportunity that occurs I shall take another peep at the sporting world, or as my learned friend in the temple, Dr. Latitat, observes—MORE ANON.

* Mr. John Gulley, one of the best judges of horse racing in the kingdom, but obtained by unwearied industry and practical experience. His *word* on the turf is good for thousands, nay, to any amount; his integrity also in *paying* has never been impeached, and his conduct honorable and gentlemanly throughout the Sporting World. His knowledge of the odds is superlative; and his calculations upon the above subject rapid in the extreme; indeed, he stands so high in this respect that the first accountants in the kingdom could not "get the best of him," either on the score of quickness, or in point of accuracy in placing the odds upon the various horses. It is true Mr. Gulley has been one of the favorites of the powerful and all-worshipped goddess, and he has obtained for himself a large fortune; but it is equally true he has proved by his conduct throughout his family worthy of that great success which has attended his speculations on the turf. And in the character of a good son, an affectionate husband, an indulgent fond father, and a kind-hearted brother, he has never been surpassed. In other situations, a warm friend and a worthy companion. Since the days of Colonel O'Kelly on the turf, we have had nothing like the enterprise of Mr. Gulley; on *Memnon* alone, the winner of the St. Leger Stakes, in 1835, he netted 22,000*l*. He has been the proprietor of Hare Park, near Newmarket, where he took up his residence for some time; but he has since disposed of it, and now lives in Artwright Park, near Pontefract, also purchased by him—where he is visited by persons of the first description of Society; and no man "does the honors of the table" with a better specimen of 'good breeding' than Mr. Gulley. The words of Pope are strongly verified by the conduct of this gentleman.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, *there* all the honor lies.

The great flow of riches into his coffers have not spoiled the man, neither has his great success elevated him a *jot* above his old friends and acquaintances. He still remains the same plain unassuming person, and highly respected JOHN GULLEY.—*Trip to Ascott Races.*

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote connected with the battle of Orthes, relative to Lieutenant Macpherson, whose heroism at Badajoz we have already recorded, will not be uninteresting: He was still a lieutenant at the period of the battle of Orthes, attached to the light company of the 45th foot. Just before the attack commenced, the regiment was drawn up in line, partly hidden by a kind of hedge or bank. The bugles had sounded the recall, and the light troops were hastening back to form in the rear. As the files opened to let them through, some of the enemy's tirailleurs had followed them nearly up to the line, which made Macpherson anxious to see the whole of the men fall in before he himself retired—The skirmishing was still kept up as they fell back, and an occasional man fell on both sides, as these expert shots rapidly loaded as they moved, and then with deadly accuracy turned to stop the advance of their enemy. The gallant Macpherson, in his anxiety to do his duty, was left almost the last, when he was about to effect his own retreat; but just at this moment he perceived one of the enemy's sharp shooters, within about 20 yards, raising his piece to take a deliberate aim at him. This man had ventured thus far alone; for his comrades having come within range of the fire from the line, had commenced retiring.—Col. Macpherson's own description of his reflections are at the same time amusing and painful.

I saw the man, he observed, taking a deliberate aim at me. What to do I did not know. I could not get at him before he could fire; while to run would have been equally useless—I should then be shot in the back; for I knew he was one of those picked men who never missed anything; in fact, I could think of nothing else to do, but to stand fire. The fellow was a confounded long time taking his aim, as if determined to make sure of his mark; so I put myself in an attitude, by presenting my right side to him, putting my arm straight down to cover me, and screwing myself up as small as possible; but I can assure you I felt smaller than I looked, as I thus stood like a target to be shot at by a fellow that could hit any one of my buttons that he pleased. At last, bang went his piece, and I felt in a moment he was right. I did not fall, but staggered a few paces backwards, and then felt very much inclined to reach my soldiers, some of whom had seen the whole affair without being able to lend me assistance. My right arm was rendered unserviceable, and I felt confident that the ball had entered my body; but I was uncertain whether or not it had found its way out. I staggered towards the line, but must have fallen, had not a brave fellow, named Kelly, (an Irishman; and one of our crack shots), seeing that I was hit, run forward to support me. As soon as I felt his friendly grip round my body, I mustered fresh strength, although bleeding profusely, both inside and out.

Kelly commenced a dialogue, observing, "by my sowl, sir, you're badly wounded, sure." I felt very faint, but replied, "Yes, Kelly, I think so; feel if the ball is out." Kelly watched its course, and then placing his hand upon my loins, where it should have made its exit, exclaimed, "No, by my sowl, then it isn't, and you're spaking yet. But where's the man that did it?" Without, at the moment, any feeling of revenge towards him whom I then thought my destroyer, I pointed in the direction from whence he had fired, and there, on the very same spot, stood this daring fellow, deliberately re-loading, to have another shot at my assistant or to finish me. But Kelly quitted hold of me for a moment, and I saw his unerring gun raised to his shoulder. The French soldier was unmoved. Kelly fired, and he fell dead. The Colonel, in relating this incident, spoke with much regret of the fate of his gallant enemy. Robinson's Life of General Picton.

GO A-HEAD!

GO A-HEAD! is a very expressive Jonathian frequently in every man's mouth throughout the States, and therein Jonathan shows himself a worthy chip of the old block—a thriving off-shoot of "the old country"—once sober, plodding, old England; but in which of late years every man is always trying to *go a-head* of his fellows, and "*de'il tak the hindmost!*" is the cry from one end of the kingdom to the other. Time was when your nobleman travelled in his own carriage, drawn by his own fat cattle, and attended by his own fat outriders, in goodly cavalcade, progressing at the jog trot of some twenty or thirty miles per day, one stage before dinner, and one stage after dinner, and taking their repose o'nights in comfortable inns by the way side—the cattle up to their bellies in clean wheaten straw, and the men over head and ears in sheets that smelt of lavender. Merchants and men of trade, and men and women of every grade followed their staid example whenever by chance either pleasure or business moved them to move from one place to another; and thus every thing went on slowly, but surely, and the treasures of the wealthy were duly spread about among the people—even as the careful farmer spreadeth his manure about his fields. But now, your nobleman leapeth into his chariot, and with one solitary fellow in his dickey, and four spur-galled, lean and lash-maddened posters before him, he scoureth over a hundred miles of road like a whirlwind. His orders are "Go a-head of every thing!" and away he whirls from London to the Land's-end, leaving nothing behind him but clouds of dust, a trifle of horse hire, and the profits upon *one hard biscuit* and *a bottle of water!* Merchants and men of trade, tailors and tinmen, clodpoles and costermongers, lawyers and lollyoppers, all imitate his *lordable* velocity;—from the peer to the peasant the universal cry is go a-head!—while *seedy* innkeepers by the way side sigh after them in vain. On our Downs, hundreds of thousands of pounds, [as the Weekly Despatch truly observes], are drily gambled away on the interesting problem of which horse, among a "ruck," can first be induced, by lash and steel, to poke his nose past some particular post—while myriads of *men* and *women*, in all the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious "intellectuality," jump and jesticulate like excited lunatics, and split each other's ears with shrieking "Go ahead!" Nobles and gentles, soldiers and civilians make matches, and mammonize upon the physical capabilities of "favorite" horses; and then become *jockies* for the nonce, and ride their favourites to death in their burning desire to "Go ahead!"—while other horses are ridden to death in conveying the important result to some evening newspaper which builds its little fame merely on its consumption of horse flesh, and its desire to "Go ahead!"—In the metropolis, swarms of cubs and omnibusses rush along the crowded streets, unmindful of the lives of the lieges in their way, and reckless of every thing but to give every body the go-by and "Go ahead!" In short, every man, woman and child has, somehow or other, acquired the bump of *scamperativeness*—the age of horseflesh has got ahead of the age of intellect; the age of horseflesh will speedily give place to the age of railways; and bye-and-bye the whole country, from Duncansby Head to the Lizard Point, will be one interminable whirl of locomotion—or rather of *low commotion*—and the only sound distinguishable above the whiz, whir, and din of machinery, will be "Go head—and de'il take the hindmost!"

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM AN EAGLE.

A Swiss peasant, the father of three children, took up his summer quarters in one of those *chalets* which the inhabitants of the beautiful valleys of the Canton du Vaud inhabit during the period of their grazing their flocks on the mountains. He resided there with his wife and three children, the eldest of whom, eight years of age, was an idiot; the second, aged five, was dumb; and the youngest was still an infant. The latter was one day left alone with his two brothers, and their mother had scarcely left them when they strayed away from their little dwelling to play among the rocks. Returning home, the mother could not find them, but after a short search she succeeded in discovering two; the infant was nowhere to be seen. The idiot expressed his joy in the most extravagant manner, but the little dumb fellow, on the contrary, appeared overwhelmed with consternation, and the expression of terror in his eyes, and his whole countenance, quickly excited his mother's fears. She vainly endeavored to discover the cause of their pantomimic, but could learn nothing from the mirth of the idiot or the sorrow of the dumb child. She, however, hoped, from the character of the gestures used by the idiot, who resembled those of a person who, to his great joy, has found something for which he has been looking a long time, that her child had been taken away by a neighbor, an event which often occurred, as the little creature was much liked and caressed. But night came, and with it no news of the lost hope. On the following day the unhappy parents again set out to seek their son everywhere. They had not gone far when an eagle flew over their heads, which excited anew the joy of the idiot, and the terrors of the dumb boy, who pressed closely to his father, and hid his head in his hands, to avoid seeing the bird. The mother then became certain that her child had been carried off by the bird of prey. In fact, on the same day that the fatal accident took place, a huntsman had stationed himself in ambuscade near the eagle's nest, to wait for a shot at the bird as he approached his aery. After having watched for some hours with that characteristic patience which distinguishes the Swiss hunter, he at length perceived one of those monarchs of the Alps, approaching slowly towards the rocks, appearing twice as large as an ordinary eagle. The hunter's surprise was extreme, when on a nearer approach, he saw that the bird carried a child in his talons. He heard its cries, and clearly distinguished its face. He had but one course to adopt, nor did he hesitate to employ it, that of shooting the eagle. He put up a prayer to God, took aim at the bird, and fired. The shot took effect, and the eagle fell dead, shot through the head. The hunter recovered the child, and carried it home to the wretched and incredulous mother. The boy was dreadfully torn by the eagle's talons, but none of his hurts were mortal.

French Paper.

ANGLING.

The following appears in the *Carlisle Journal*:—Mr. Editor, you lately mentioned, that with the assistance of *Jack*, a fishery *proprietor* killed three salmon at one pull. This was a great feat;—but not more than a week has elapsed since another *proprietor*, with the same aid, performed one nearly equal: he killed two, weighing fourteen pounds each. As many of our readers are, perhaps, unacquainted with the nature and properties of this useful assistant, the following description may not be unacceptable:—Jack is neither more nor less than a piece of thin lath or board, about three inches broad, and four feet long.—He is loaded on one edge with lead or iron, to make the other edge swim uppermost. He acts upon the principle of a boy's kite, being fastened to the end of the fishing tackle in precisely the same way that the kite is attached to the string.—Placed in the river where the stream is pretty brisk, the current balances him, and he scuds across, dragging behind him from eight to a dozen tippets, each with a salmon hook appended. The angler, then, with his line, arrests his further progress, and he quietly turns his head up the stream, keeping pace with his master on the opposite side, thus giving him the command of the whole or any part of the river he pleases. In short, it is an easy and convenient mode of single-handed trolling. When a salmon is hooked, Jack also does his part in tiring the poor fish, and when it is dragged exhausted to the shore, he adds very little if any thing to the labor, being wonderfully obedient to the will of his master.—Jack was first introduced into practice by Mr. John Mason, of Wetheral, who, for some years, had the exclusive use and benefit of his services. His evident superiority has now made him the companion of all the "regulars."

I am, Sir, Your's, WILLIE O' THE WATER SIDE.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for thus doing justice to an ingenious man, whose invention was at first much laughed at by his "brethren of the angle." Mason has long been known as one of the best anglers that ever threw line into Eden. We may also take this opportunity of remarking, that the hooks with which the three salmon were caught, as mentioned on a former occasion, were dressed by that master of his art, Mr. John Kirkbride, of this city, an artist who, as we once heard an Irishman declare, can "dress a hook to look more *nathural* than the living fly.] Ed. C. J.

FEMALE GALLANTRY.—A very interesting ceremony took place at Louisville, Ky., a short time since. It was the presentation, in the presence of 200 persons, to Col. C. L. Harrison and his volunteers about to leave for Texas, of a stand of colors by Mrs. Headington, a sword by Miss Oldham to Mr. Shain, and a pair of pistols to the Colonel by Miss Martha W. Shain. The colors were made by the ladies of Louisville; and to use Mrs. Headington's address, "represented a single star gleaming through the all-pervading night of Mexican slavery." Mr. Shain in his reply, alluding to Texas, said:

"I was in that land when threatened with desolation from the approaching hosts of a sanguinary tyrant. He came in all his arrogant pride and fancied strength, and I have lived to see this diadem'd murderer, whose brows were laurelled by many conquests, gloriously vanquished upon the field of San Jacinto, and himself a kneeling supplicant to Texian magnanimity. I was fortunate in having shared this glorious victory, where the martyrs of San Antonio and Goliad were partially avenged, and the final freedom of Texas triumphantly established."

Miss Shain's address is laconic and beautiful:—

"Col. C. L. HARRISON—Accept sir, a brace of Pistols, to be used in defence of Texian Liberty. It is with confidence I place them in your hands, feeling assured that you will sustain the character of your deceased father, and maintain the reputation of our country. May God protect you. Respectfully,

Louisville, June 23, 1836." MARTHA W. SHAIN.

BRITISH MANUFACTURES.—A letter from an intelligent American gentleman now travelling in Europe, with the perusal of which we have been favored by his correspondent here, speaks with surprise of the flourishing condition of British manufactures, and at the prospect of an increased demand for them, and indirectly of the great staple of this country, in consequence of a new market in the East. We make the following extract:—

"I have been much astonished, not only at the prosperous state of British manufactures, but also at the rate at which they are increasing. In one village alone, near Manchester, buildings are in progress of erection, which will alone require an increase of population, of 20,000. Among the explanations given, is the fact of the rapidly increasing demand for British manufactures in the East.—It appears probable that Asia, with its millions, are gradually acquiring a taste for European manufactures, and this immense market thus opened will more than meet the diminished demand from countries who were beginning to supply themselves."

ALTERATION IN THE JOCKEY CLUB RULES.—At a meeting of the Jockey Club, it was resolved that the following rules be substituted for No 33 of the rules concerning horse racing in general:—38. Where horses run a dead heat for a sweepstakes or plate, and the parties agree to divide the stakes, such horses shall be liable to carry extra weights as winners; and all bets between such horses, or between either of them and the field, must be settled by the money being put together and divided amongst the parties in the same proportion as the stakes shall have been divided. If a bet made on one of the horses that ran the dead heat against a horse that was beaten in the race, he who backed the horse that ran the dead heat wins half the bet. If the dead heat be the first event of a double bet, the bet shall be void.

ESPRIT DU CORPS.—Some sweeps having been brought up before the London police, charged by the street-keeper with having got up a row, the spokesman gave the following account of himself:

"We axed him if we might have a dance, and vile we wer in the reel round "Jack in the Green," he com'd and turned us avay for nuffen votsumdever; there are some o' these ere chaps vat goes about vot are not serveeps, (pulling up his trowsers), but if yer Vorship vonts to be satisfied on that ere subject, only look at my knees (showing large corns on his knee pans). I assure yer Vorship ve are reglar flue-flakers, and I've been up the smallest flues in the country. I was born a serveep, I've lived a serveep, and I'll die a serveep.—[Laughter.]

Mr. Bird has refused 1,000 guineas for his bay colt Redshank, brother to Yaxley, by Sandbeck, out of Johanna, by Selim. Offers were made at Newmarket last week to back him at 15 to 1 for the Doncaster St. Leger.

At a wedding of a Mr. *Rising*, near Oneida, an illiterate guest being called upon for a toast, after some hesitation, a word or two about being 'unexpectedly called upon,' 'unaccustomed to speaking,' gave—'the rising generation.'

☞ There is a man in France who has been in bed constantly for sixty years; at the expiration of fifty he talked some of getting up, but upon the whole concluded to lie fifteen or twenty longer. Sun.

PRENTICE'S LAST!—A citizen of London county, Virginia, named Hall, has been held to bail for biting off the nose and part of the ear of Mr. Samuel Cherry. Hall was certainly very wrong to make "*two* bites at a cherry."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1836.

From the Boston Daily Transcript.

WALLACK has offered $1,000 for a play founded on events in American history, the chief actor and hero of which will suit his calibre, as the best melo dramatic actor of the age;—and Miss CLIFTON, borrowing the hint, has offered $1,000 for a tragedy, in which *she* can play the principal character. The offering of prizes for plays by players would be well enough if it produced good plays; but the wretched material it has generated, destroys all hope that the drama will be enriched by any fine literary production under such impulses. Forrest's success with that wretched prize affair of Stone's—Metamora—has done more harm in this respect than all Bird's best productions will compensate for. We think Wallack and Miss Clifton had better club stocks, if they can raise $1,000 each, and give it to somebody for a good farce in which they can both appear. But we remember that somebody has said—we forget who—that there is no want of dramatic talent or tact, but that they are rarely found together;—so that we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Stone's Metamora is an instance of the one, and Mrs. Hentz's De Lara of the other."

What a flattering compliment to the genius and talent of our country! The Transcript says, "the offering of prizes for plays by players would be well enough if it produced good plays—but the wretched material it has generated destroys all hope that the drama will be enriched by any fine literary production under such impulses!" Indeed! So the plan of offering prizes must be decried and hooted at because it has heretofore been comparatively unproductive! On the same principle, this sagacious Solon would leave the Bunker Hill Monument as it stands, "scarce half made up," as the simple fact that it has thus far been erected by subscription, "destroys all hope" that any man or class of individuals are public spirited or patriotic enough to volunteer in advancing the requisite funds. If the Bostonians recognize the principle advanced, their fellow citizens in other states may well account for the mortifying steps by which the favorite project of Massachusetts has dragged its slow length along.

Again, "under such impulses [the offering of liberal prizes,] the wretched material it has generated destroys all hope that the drama will be enriched by any fine literary production." So, if a company or corporation offer a premium for the best model of a bridge, or public edifice, or what not, and are unsuccessful, instead of increasing the prize, and thereby enlisting genius and talent of a higher order, they are to withdraw the prize altogether, and trust that some one emulous of fame will come forward to supply the object required for sake of fame alone! As the man says in the play, "Come, I like that." The impulses, then, that are to prompt our writers to produce "a fine literary production," (the reputation acquired being the same,) are more powerful and stimulating when the consideration of $1,000 is withheld!!! "What a long tail our cat's got."

That our country possesses talent in every profession and walk of life, whether it be literature, mechanics, the fine arts, manufactures, or commerce, is not less true than that the only reason *dramatic* literature has been and is at so low an ebb amongst us, is solely owing to the fact, that of all pursuits, that of writing for the stage is the worse paid. Why, an industrious village tailor, with no more brains than his "goose," realizes quarterly more money than the most intellectually gifted dramatic writer ever did in a year, after qualifying himself for the task by years of study—a man too, who in any other profession would, in the natural course of events, realize a fortune in a few years. We venture to say, that Dunlap, Woodworth, Bird, Noah, Barker, Hentz, Ellet, Phillips, Morris, Stone, Payne, Worrall, Custis, Neal, Ingersoll, Hill, Medina, and the other writers for our stage, have not received a sum sufficient, when combined, to support any one of them through life. Let dramatic writers receive the same compensation paid to political ones—throwing aside the fame (or *notoriety!*)—and that walk of literature will soon be as crowded, and attain the same proportionate distinction at home and abroad which is accorded to the more general literary efforts of our countrymen.

What has driven our best writers abroad, but that they could not maintain themselves at home?—our sculptors and our painters, too? What has so long kept Bryant, and Walsh, and Willis, and Buckingham, with twenty others, "cabinn'd, cribb'd, confin'd" in their editorial chairs, to "chronicle small beer?"—what keeps Halleck "in the cotton trade and sugar line?"—what caused Paulding to look after the loaves and fishes of office, and made Barker a political hack?—what sent Woodworth, "the old man eloquent," seeking a clerkship, with a head "silver'd o'er with age," and binds to earth the soaring genius of Gilmore Simms? The answer is plain—to procure "the means whereby they live."—The author of the Sketch Book might have starved—and he verily would, and a West, a Stewart, a Leslie, and a Cooper with him, had they remained here to "labor for that which is not *meat*." The blight which kills our literature—which enfeebles the mighty energies of its votaries, overpowering their spirit, weakening their sense of all that is sublime and beautiful about us, rendering them "of the earth, earthy,"—which bows them grovelling to the dust, when, as on eagle's wings, their aspirations soar beyond the limits of the herd of ordinary minds—which fetters their genius, corrupts their taste, and dissolves the magic spell by which they are encircled—is to be attributed, in a great degree, to the sordid, selfish, and contracted views which dictated Poor Richard's maxim—that "*a penny saved, is a penny earned.*" It is owing too, in no less degree, to the low-minded spirit with which very many persons regard those individuals who "out of pure motives, and to attain justifiable ends," step forward to lend a helping hand to native artists—who are disposed to contribute their mite in the encouragement and fosterage of native talent. It is such a spirit as this, despicable and base as it is, that our poets, and painters, our writers and artists have to encounter. It is a congenial spirit with this, that prompted the Boston Transcript gratuitously to asperse the dramatic writers of America, and sport unwarrantably with the feelings of two individuals not unworthy of his regard—individuals, rich in the possession of that which is deemed ennobling in man and cherished in woman, and who, if rated by his price current of dollars and cents, are immeasurably his superiors.

MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

We lately took occasion to speak of this gentleman, and the manner in which he won his way to his present distinguished station—Secretary of War to the Republic of Texas. We have renewed reason for expressing our admiration of his character, in a paper addressed to the Texan Cabinet touching the disposal of the person of Santa Anna.

LAMAR advocates his immediate execution, and states his reasons for such a measure with force and adroitness. But should he be overruled in this, as he seems to anticipate, he maintains that Santa Anna should, with his officers, be retained as a prisoner till the war be ended—that the Texan Government should enter into no possible arrangement with so faithless a foe

The opinions of Lamar on this question, are those of a majority of the Texans without doubt, and, as we think, of the friends of Texas in these States.—We wish they might prevail. But so suspicious are we of the virtue of some of the Texan leaders, that it will cause no surprise to us to learn that Santa Anna has escaped, and again placed himself at the head of the forces of Mexico.

Were all the Texan leaders as disinterested in their motives, as resolute and determined in their conduct, and as fearless of consequences, as MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, their struggle would soon be ended; nor that only, but the suspicions which are occasionally indulged as to the character which the legislation of the country will assume, would be all dispelled, and the government of Texas would be respected for its scrupulous good faith and its firm maintenance of liberal principles.

☞ The "*New York Express*," a new morning paper, made its appearance on Thursday, and promises to be a great acquisition to the daily press of this city. Its racy editorials and summary of news do not appear in so tasteful a garb as we could have wished, but in every other respect The Express is unexceptionable. Success to it, say we, with all our hearts.

Among other "specimens of a modern dictionary," in the Boston Post, is the following hard hit:—*Saw*, S. A sort of dumb alderman, which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth. N.B. A bona fide alderman is not of "wise saws," mentioned by Shakspeare, at least in "modern instances."

NIMRODS IN PETTICOATS.

A lady, whose name we have forgotten to remember, has lately perpetrated an interesting work on Texas, in one chapter of which she tells of a Texan Diana, who has killed with her rifle 80 deer and one buffalo—of ladies who mount their mustangs and hunt with their husbands—who camp for days upon the seashore in their excursions for fish and oysters, and who will frequently ride fifty miles on horseback, with their silk dresses in their saddle-bags, to attend a ball!

Think of that, *Mistress* Brook! We dare swear there will be no cases of breaches of promise, or anything of the sort, during this generation of Texan chivalry in Petticoats. Instead of rifling ladies' hearts, a gay Lothario must keep a bright look out for his own, should he offend the Di Vernons of Texas. A lady who has "killed 80 deer and a buffalo with her rifle," is not precisely that "delicate piece of nature's handiwork" with whom to carry on a desperate flirtation. Odds rifles and hair triggers! A cure for the heart-ache or jealousy there, will be "a bullet lodged in the thorax."

☞ The reader's attention is specially directed to an article on another page headed *Nimrod's Hunting Tours*, which is made up of anecdotes relative to the crack riders of England, etc., selected from the 1st volume of his published works. These selections will be continued from time to time, and will not interfere with his present "Northern Tour," which we regularly republish from the London New Sporting Magazine as it appears. NIMROD (Charles Apperley, Esq.) has been the leading contributor to the British Sporting Magazines for years, and his Tours in Britain and Germany have gone through several editions, in book form, as has also his "Letters on Riding to Hounds." Carey, Lea, and Blanchard have recently published two volumes of his Hunting Tours, and we hope they will bring them up to the date where his last Northern Tour commenced. If they should not, we shall contrive to give such selections from his former Tours as our limits will allow, as we have bound volumes of the English Sporting Magazines for nearly thirty years back in our office.

☞ "The Dog-star rages" still in this city, and grim Hydrophobia "stalks unavenged amongst us." There have been three or four deaths within ten days from the bite of *mad dogs*, and yet no steps have been taken by the Corporation to suppress or avert these horrible occurrences. It is perfectly outrageous that such a state of things is permitted.

☞ The trial of *Jewell* for the murder of Lueba, a watchman, is exciting considerable interest. From certain facts relative to the persons composing the jury, his acquittal is considered altogether probable. P.S. He is acquitted.

☞ The scoundrel Gray, an accomplice of Robinson, the murderer of Helen Jewett, is likely to have his deserts meted to him. An article from the Commercial, on another page, under the caption of "Court of Sessions," will give our readers an insight into the character of these two miscreants. We trust Robinson's case will yet come within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

☞ Dearborn, the enterprising publisher, was again burned out on Wednesday night last. So rapid was the progress of the flames, that nothing was saved. A man asleep in the fifth story, was fortunately awoke by the ringing of the bells, and finding his retreat cut off by the stairs, saved himself by sliding down the water pipe into the street.

Some one tells the story that, in a mixed company lately, it was asked, "Why are the ladies most apt to marry when the *days* are shortest?" when a wag replied wickedly—"because then the *nights* are longest!" What a naughty man!

A letter written from Egypt, under date of 4th March, states that the Pasha, as if he had not done enough already for immortality, has given orders that one of the Pyramids of Ghizeh shall be pulled down in order to furnish stones for the Barage. This only was wanting to consummate his glory. The fame of him who "fired the Ephesian dome," will sink into obscurity before the lustre of this achievement. Old Cheops must yield to Mehemet Ali—he who has stood on the rock of ages the wonder of the world, who has seen barbarism and civilization alike respect him, must at length give way to the spirit of thrift, and bow his lofty head at the foot of this modern Attila.

Southey says that many persons possess a musical ear who have no voice for singing, but a good voice is seldom found where there is not also an ear which is capable of directing it. The case is different in poetry; the poetical feeling sometimes exists, and in a high degree, without the talent for versifying; but the talent very commonly, without a spark of the feeling.

☞ The Boston Morning Post complains that the Hingham people have found out how to keep lambs from dying but wont divulge the secret. The Hingham folks ought to be *muttoned* for converting the secret to their own *ewes* (use) and behoof. The Post has a great mind to be *ram*-bunctious thereat. If the Hinghamites were not a *sheepish* set, there would have been "a great cry and little *wool*" about the matter. As it is, wool-growers will not skip like rams, and devourers of mutton chops like lambs. We feel persuaded the good people of Hingham are determined their secret shall "die in the wool."

☞ The Philadelphia Saturday Courier came to us the other day with the following advertisement on the margin:—

"Please send regularly—your last was not received."

Very likely; our "last" was sent over *five years* ago. However, the Courier is greatly improved with its new hands at the bellows, and we will "send regularly" with pleasure. Messrs. McMakin and Holden conduct it with much spirit. The first named gentleman is a bang up fellow, and though unacquainted with the latter, he must be the same, or he could not stand up to his collar in such a go a-head team.

☞ One of our English exchange papers informs us that at the late sale of the Duke of Nassau's wines at Frankfort on the Maine, the courts of Baden, Hanover, and Hesse Darmstadt, were amongst the purchasers. Mr. Sarg, proprietor of the splendid Hotel de Russie, bought four pieces of the choicest Steinberger, Rudesheimer, Hochheimer, and Marcobroner, of 1822, 1825, 1831, and 1834, at the exorbitant price of 24,000 fiorins, or 2,000*l*. Mr. Sarg has already received numerous orders on these favorite wines from other countries.

We wonder his Grace, the Duke of Nassau, forgot to send his advertisement to the Spirit of the Times, with a basket of samples. *N'importe*—we've a cork undrawn yet of his old Hock, but if Mr. Sarg is disposed to do the genteel thing by us for immortalizing the *Hotel de Russie*, by inditing the paragraph above, we will merely hint that we have not the slightest objection to the flavor of the Rudesheimer of the vintage of 1822—not that we are at all particular, but a body might as well know, you know, what a body "covets," as dear Fanny says.

A HARD CASE.—Brand, one of the city marshalmen, has been suspended from his employment by the Lord Mayor of London, for, not having the fear of Gog and Magog before his eyes, he was lately caught, during a city feast, eating some luscious dollops of green turtle fat. It is hoped the Lord Mayor may forgive, in the subordinate, so menial an offence as imitating his betters.

Liverpool Journal.

☞ This was a pretty hard case, but not a circumstance to what occurred in New York one day, when the Common Council dismissed a constable for discovering ingenuity enough, on the 4th of July, to hold his nose in the gutter, to *put it out*, after getting it so hot in electioneering in their behalf, that he could not blow it without burning a hole in his handkerchief. Now, we call that a mighty hard case, and no mistake.

☞ It is a great shame that Cioffi is in town without an engagement. What can our managers of theatres and gardens be thinking of? He has more talent alone than half the orchestras in the city.

POSTSCRIPT.—We have this moment received, as our paper was going to press, Mr. Ward's answer to Gen. Mabry's proposition, in which he offers to run his f. *Misletoe* against Gen. M.'s *Lilac*, for $5000 to $4000, or in that proportion. Several other items of Sporting Intelligence are crowded out.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

A new version of Scribe's *Jewess* was produced at the Park on Tuesday, which excels any one that has preceded it in this city, whether the character or interest of the drama is considered, or the propriety and magnificence of the dresses and decorations. Miss EMMA WHEATLEY's *Rachel*, is beyond dispute the best personation of the fair Hebrew yet seen upon our boards. The principal character, *Eleazer*, which Harrison formerly rendered so effective, loses nothing in the hands of RITCHINGS; and MASON, CLARK, and Mrs. GURNER, are equally at home in their respective parts. The dresses are new, with much of the scenery and music. The production of the piece, in its present form, has given such general satisfaction, that we predict for it a long run.

Mrs. SHARPE is to lead the business at the Bowery, and Mrs. FLYNN at the National, next season. Considerable anxiety is manifested with regard to the lady that is to fill this arduous and important situation at the Park. Among others, we have heard a good deal of Mrs. McLEAN, as a lady that could acquit herself with credit. There is an *on dit*, that Miss PHILLIPS will become "a fixed star" on the Park boards. If true, all parties must agree that a better arrangement could hardly be made, inasmuch as a clever actress and very pretty woman is engaged for the light comedy business. We fear, however, this piece of gossip is too good to be founded in fact. How would Emma W. do?

Mr. BARTON, a young gentleman of considerable tragic talent, made his first appearance last Monday night at the Bowery, in *Othello*, and was hissed off by the pit; Mr. Hamblin went on to conclude the part. We hear Mr. B. was suffering under an attack of the asthma; his voice broke down so that he could not make himself understood. We are surprised that in the present feeble state of his health he should have been wrought upon to hazard his reputation, if not his life, by the exercise of faculties already greatly enervated by ill health.

The Franklin is closed for a brief recess, and Jemmy Twitcher Sefton has gone to Canada to fill the vacancy caused by the "no go" there, of Master John Reeve, who is off somewhere "clamming," we believe, or shooting woodcock.—"Exercise will be good for his wholesome," and if fat John is here at the next election of City Officers, we intend nominating him for Assistant Alderman of the 6th Ward, the present incumbent, our friend the Counsellor, [O'Brady, as Major Noah calls him], to the contrary notwithstanding. No "lean and hungry Cassius" need supplicate our "wote" hereafter, or come for to go to humbug us into the belief that the Dog Law is "no use no how." We intend "*to instruct*" our candidate in the matter of the Dogs, and not to "*expunge*" the 4th of July Dinners, "and sich like," and if "the entire swine" of the "Bloody old Sixth" don't go for a candidate then, wot as got a "corporation" in a lump equal to the whole Board of Aldermen and the Common Council to boot, whenever we catch a mad dog in that ward eyeing a hocus pocus, naturalized, democratic national republican Tory, or a native born loco-foco, Hurrah for Jackson, d—n Nick Biddle, Whig, that "woted agin our ticket," we'll hollow "*Steboy!*" like blazes!

The Nashville theatre opened on the 15th June, and though the managers were disappointed by the non-fulfilment of engagements entered into with several persons, they are doing a very fair business. Miss NELSON is the "bright particular star" of the company, and is expected here after concluding an engagement at St. Louis with Ludlow and Smith. We hear she is clever as an actress, and a very fine woman.

SCOTT, (Long Tom Coffin,) and THORNE, an old favorite at the Park, are about erecting a new theatre at Vicksburg, Miss. A great excitement was produced there on the occasion of Scott's benefit, the cause of which need not be mentioned here. The result, however, was, that some odd $20,000 was subscribed for a new theatre in opposition to the old one, leased by Russell. We wonder Scott never comes "amang his friends i' the North;" his Brian Boroihme and Long Tom Coffin would be a treat.

REYNOLDSON evacuated New Orlerns with as much precipitation a few weeks since, as did the British when Old Hickory and "the hunters of Kentucky" were on their trail. Had our fat friend remained a few hours longer, he would have been "more honored in the *breech* than" otherwise. "Thereby hangs a tale!"

Mr. J. Addams, who recently produced a *very* domestic drama for his benefit in Providence, entitled "*Ellen Jewett, or the New-York Murder*," must not be confounded with John J., or Augustus A. Adams.

THE GARDENS.

These popular resorts do not seem to be so well attended this season as formerly, a circumstance not to be accounted for, surely, on the ground that less attraction is offered than was wont to set our citizens all agog. The Watsons, with Fabj, Horn, Kendall, Gambati, and other artists are at Niblo's, and not only appear to as much advantage as ever, but Niblo's ices, and punch, and juleps have lost none of their attraction. Something must be done to bring the people out. We shall go down to-day and consult our friend Major Noah, and see if something cannot be got up to take the town by storm.

The weather has been so "ungenteel and dirty" lately, as to mar the best efforts of Mr. Castle Garden Marsh. However, he has not been idle in his laboratory, and we are promised some fire-works directly, that will fairly take the shine out of the sun!

Hunt, at Vauxhall, is not making a bad thing of the Boston Brass Band, which is giving concerts there in a style unapproachable.

As to Roche and Contoit, both their establishments are overrun of a sultry evening. In the "ice cream line" they are doing wonders. Nothing in the shape of music there, but boys singing Jim Crow, and whistling Yankee Doodle!

☞ Several notices of *New Books* are unavoidably crowded out to-day. We shall make amends in our next.

ROYSTON RACES were very numerously attended on Friday last. The Earl of Hardwicke, one of the Stewards, and all the gentry of the neighborhood were present. There was a brilliant display of elegantly attired females, whom the weather attracted to the outside of the carriages. After the races, with which every one seemed much pleased, a company of about fifty persons sat down to an excellent dinner provided by Mr. Geo. Smith, at the Green Man. The Earl of Hardwicke was in the chair, whose desire to promote these races, gained the admiration of all parties. Several good singers were present, who sung some excellent songs, and the company did not separate until a late hour. On the second day there were some excellent Pony Races, one of which was so closely contested that four heats were run before it could be decided. Captain Daintree's Pony was ultimately the winner. The company were highly amused between the heats with men jumping in sacks, and boys trying to climb a pole for a leg of mutton, which caused a great deal of fun. From the patronage these races have obtained, there is no doubt they will equal, if not surpass many of the country races in the kingdom.

Bell's Life in London.

FOUR PENCE HALF-PENNY IF YOU WILL STRIKE ME.—Two individuals in Boston had an altercation, on Friday last, in relation to a load of coal, and certain unamiable language having passed between the parties querulant, one of them offered the other four pence half-penny to strike him. The offer was considered liberal, and was promptly accepted, by a blow which incontinently knocked the "party of the first part," on the pavement. He was in the category of a cocked hat *instanter*. The prostrate party, however, was still dissatisfied; and brought the complaint before the constituted authorities of his country, for the punishment of the "party of the second part," and he was fined five dollars and the costs for his fulfilment of the contract. The fine was probably well enough, and legal without doubt; though if a breach of the peace was to be death according to law, it seems to us that he who offered money to produce it was about as finable as the other. At any rate, his antagonist ought to have the six and a quarter cents by way of *quid pro quo*.

Courier.

Some time before the breaking up of the British Head-quarters at Cambray, an Irish soldier, a private in the 23d regiment of Foot, was convicted of shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was in consequence sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice as follows;—"Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington! he's no Irishman's friend any way. I have killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one *upon my own account*, by the powers he has tucked me up for it!"

A dandy fellow was recently knocked down by a gang of butchers' boys in the city of New York. They probably took him for a *calf*.

"I never go through the Pool in a steamer (said Mike Scales the other day) but I feel a desperate inclination to cry." "Cry, my angel! (said Mrs. Mike) why so, my duck?" "Because, answered the angel Michael, of Whitechapel, archly, when I look at the colliers lying all together it invariably brings *tears* (tiers) into my eyes." Mrs. Mike fainted with excess of laughter.

Sporting Intelligence.

ON-DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

It is rumored that Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, of Va., has disposed of Imp. *Tranby*, and four Imp. Spanish *Jacks*, for $20,000, to J. White, Esq., of Richmond, Ky.

Col. George Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., has, among several fine colts and fillies, one called *Sarah Bladin*, by Leviathan, out of a Pacolet mare, that is a clincher. A friend that has seen her, writes that the Colonel would "pocket any affront." in the shape of a challenge.

Mr. Pryor, of Natchez, has purchased of Mr. J. C. Gill his b. m., full sister to Betsey Malone, with a Leviathan colt by her side, for $1350.

Rowton, it is thought, will prove himself not only a sure foal getter, but the most fashionable stallion of the South. He has had in his seraglio this season many very fine mares. Some of the purest blooded mares in England are in foal to him. If Derby and St. Leger winners are not in embryo, many will be disappointed on both sides the water.

In the account of the blooded stock of the South generally, and of Georgia in particular, copied into the Spirit of the Times from the Ga. Journal, no mention was made of Col. Singleton's stud, of S. Carolina, which is the most extensive—and excepting Col. Hampton's—perhaps the most valuable one in that State.

Maj. A. H. Kenan, of Milledgeville, owner with T. B. Howard, Esq., of *Miss Medley*, and other good ones, has "gone to the wars," having received a very responsible command from General Scott. The number of turf men in Georgia is limited, but the breed of horses must improve while it engages the attention of such gentlemen as Messrs. Townes, Lawson, Kenan, Haun, Winter, Howard, Phinizy, Morrison, and their compeers.

We hear that Col. Hampton's *Argyle*, and a full sister to Trifle, in the superb stud of the same gentleman, are in the stable of Col. Johnson, of Va. At any rate, Argyle will be trained for the fall season, and may be expected "to show" on the Union Course. The way he has improved in game, speed and racing power since his *faux pas* at Augusta, is "cautionary."

Ione, the winner of the $350 purse, mile heats, at Mobile, on the 22d of April, was reported as having been got by Pacific, out of Country Maid's gr. dam. She is "out of the half sister of Country Maid, by Constitution, out of (Mr. Duke W. Sumner's, of Nashville, Tenn.,) old Matilda. Ione was bred by Mr. Sumner, and sold to Mr. Joseph Rochleau, of Natchez, who called her *Red Rose*; he afterwards disposed of her to Mr. Vance Johnson, of Mobile, the present owner of Red Maria."

Mr. Sumner has some very promising stock by "the great Pacific," one of the best specimens of the native bred race horse in this country. "I noticed one," writes a friend, "called *John Howard*, the produce of Pacific and Matilda, now only 12 weeks old, yet stands full four feet three."

Leviathan and *St. Giles* have served their full complement of mares this season, being limited to eighty. Leviathan stood at $100, and St. Giles at $60. An uninterested correspondent writes that L. is one of the most beautiful as well as powerful horses he has ever seen. His stock has been successful on the turf this year, almost beyond precedent. St. Giles is considered by the friends of the other horse his equal, so far as shape and action are concerned. Among the thorough bred racers in L.'s harem this season, were Piano, Chuckfahila, Fanny Kemble, Alice Gray, Fanny Jarman, Sarah Siddons, and others.

John G. Perry, the recent owner of *Red Maria*, *Hard Heart*, and other good ones, was killed a few weeks since near Mobile. We understand Perry and two other men got into a dispute, when they both drew their pistols on him. He fled, but they pursued and overtook him, when they fired, and one of the pistols took effect. In his dying agony, Perry grappled one of his antagonists, and with his "*Bowie*" knife stabbed him to the heart. Perry is said to have killed a man in a quarrel at Natchez this summer, but made his escape on Hard Heart. He is represented to have been a quiet, inoffensive man, though of violent passions. His career on the turf is said to have been distinguished for its fairness, and "Jack Perry's" judgment in horse flesh was unquestionable. Red Maria is now owned by Vance Johnson, Esq., of Mobile, and Hard Heart by Wm. J. Minor, Esq., of Natchez.

In the report of the Nashville races, 4th day, we were made to state that Mr. Stokely Donaldson's b. c. *Martin Van Buren*, by Pacific, was out of an Imp. Strap mare. His dam was by Sir Hal.

The young stock in Tennessee and Alabama generally, is described as quite promising. Such engrossing attention has not been devoted heretofore to breeding, and from present appearances, those engaged in so laudable a pursuit will make a very "handsome thing" of it.

Nothing has transpired in relation to a new match between the North and South, it being too exciting an affair to discuss during the present warm weather. However, as many of the leading turfmen are assembling at the Rip Raps, the White Sulphur, Saratoga, and other springs, we may expect propositions for another gallant tournay before long from some quarter.

The imported colt *Envoy*, the property, as is understood, of the Hon. Mr. Wilkins, of Pa., (late Minister to Russia,) so fancifully described in a paragraph in our columns last week, from a Pittsburgh paper, is still in Mr. Stevens's stable at Hoboken. If Sandusky, Mr. W.'s Pennsylvania bred colt cannot overreach his diplomatic rival in any negociations for a 4 mile purse, we shall entertain but a poor opinion of the sagacity of his *charge des affaires*.

The next spring races at St. Francisville, La., will be highly important. In addition to the stables of Col. Bingaman and W. J. Minor, Esq., from Natchez, there will be assembled those of the Messrs. Barrow, Mr. F. Routh, Mr. Duplantier, Messrs. Wells, Dr. Smith, and one or two from Gallatin and Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Routh and Col. Bingaman are engaged to run for an inside stake of $2500, h. ft. on three of the Jockey Club days. There are also several matches and sweepstakes that are "not slow."

The West and South are taking the lead of the North and Middle States in turf matters. The means and enterprize manifested in the importation, breeding and training of *The High Mettled Racer* is "unparalleled in our turf annals." But "Old Virginia never tires," and there is no back out or let up in the North. Both are able and willing to re-echo the sentiments of Spartacus, "Let them come on—we are armed!"

As the time approaches, the interest in the result of the trial of speed and bottom between *Angora*, of Tennessee, and *Rodolph*, of Kentucky, is hourly increasing. Rodolph (limited to 40 mares) is probably in training by this time. He is backed heavily, at even, by the boys of Old Kentuck, while the Tennesseans are "very sweet" on the mare. Give them a little odds, and they "put on the pot" with "a perfect looseness." Should Angora's star be in the ascendant, Gen. Desha promises to make Col. Selden a call with her, at the Central, and then hey! for New York. She leaves Gallatin for Louisville the 1st of next month, where the match comes off on the 21st Sept. All the world and his wife are expected there.

Gen. Mabry's challenge—Tennessee *vs.* Kentucky—has not been accepted, nor have we seen any proposition in reply to it from the "gentlemen of Ky." We should "like it mainly," as Fanny Kemble says, if Mr. Ward could be met with *Misletoe*.

Arrangements are completed for the establishment of a very splendid race course at Camden, N. J., opposite Philadelphia. The proprietors are so generally known in sporting circles, that we need not name them here. The location of the track is unexceptionable,—indeed, highly judicious, and so happily adapted to the use intended, that, as a distinguished turfman observed to us, "you might see a cat run all the way around," and he had no reference to "a singed cat" either. The "singed cat" that can leave any nag in his stable behind the pole, must have a strain of the locomotive blood. It is proposed to erect a handsome hotel near the course, and it fortunately happens that a most desirable plot of ground—an elevated knoll, overlooking the track—offers itself for the purpose. A beautiful grove and lawn seem adapted by nature for stable and exercise ground, and the situation of the premises generally, appears peculiarly fitted to answer the purposes intended. The enterprize and character of the gentlemen having charge of the project, were we at liberty to designate them, would be deemed ample security by the public, that the work they have undertaken will meet with unqualified approbation.

The racing at Natchez, Miss, next November, promises fine sport. Col. Bingaman's stable will not walk over for *every* purse, as was the case last year. The implied compliments to his stud in that event, could not have been half so gratifying to his feelings, as a spirited turfman, as to have met a gallant field each day. In November, our Natchez friends will see Lilac, Angora, Hugh L. White, Betsey Malone, and most of "the cracks" of Tennessee, besides "a string" of Leviathans from Mr. James Jackson's stable, that are expected to "pull up corn!"

There is a scheme on foot here that will astonish the natives of Louisiana and Mississippi. Some bits of blood from the North will make their appearance in those states next winter, that will make some of them ache! But we must not let the cat out of the bag too soon.

They are getting some fine stock in Illinois. Dr. E. A. Darcy, the breeder of Lady Relief, (the competitor of Black Maria and Trifle in their twenty mile race,) has nearly a dozen young ones of great promise in his stable, in addition to racers and brood mares. Dr. D. has recently returned from a visit to his native state, (we believe,) New Jersey, and brought with him some of its best specimens of Jersey bred horse flesh. The wealthy agriculturalists of Illinois are beginning to turn their attention to the improvement of the breed of horses, sheep, and cattle, and the liberal inducements offered seem calculated to make them persevere in so praiseworthy and profitable a branch of industry.

Kentucky has long taken the lead in the Western States in the excellence of her cattle and sheep, in the selection and rearing of which, she has devoted large sums of money, combined with judgment and untiring industry. Nor has she been far behind her neighbors with regard to her stock of horses. Within a few years, several fine stallions of pure blood, and undoubted racing qualities, have been introduced; and if their produce has not shown to signal advantage on the turf, a great deal has been done to increase the value of her horses for ordinary purposes. Her carriage and draft horses are not excelled anywhere for speed, stoutness, and endurance, and the reason they have not been more generally successful on the turf, arises, we hear, from the fact that those who first engaged in breeding for the turf, found the utmost difficulty in procuring thorough bred mares at any price. However, in that respect, she is now "all right," and can show a field of colts at her different race meetings, that any State in the Union might be justly proud of.

Col. A. L. Bingaman and Francis Routh, Esq., of Natchez, Miss., have made a match for $5000 a-side, four mile heats, to come off in Feb. 1837, over the Pharsalia Course.

1. Col. Bingaman names *John Minor*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.
2. Mr. Routh names *Sally Hope*, by Leviathan, dam not named, 4 yrs.

Col. Bingaman and Wm. J. Minor, Esq., have entered into a match for $1000 a-side, mile heats, to come off in Feb. 1837, over the same Course, at Natchez.

1. Col. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific, dam by Mercury, 2 yrs.
2. Mr. Minor names imported b. c. by Longwaist, 2 yrs.

Frederick Leigh Claiborne, and Wm. J. Minor, Esquires, have concluded a match for $2000 a-side, to come off on the same Course, in Feb. next.

1. Mr. Claiborne names full brother to Naked Truth, by Leviathan, 2 yrs.
2. Mr. Minor names imported filly, by Muley, 2 yrs.

Isaac Cline, engaged in a match this Fall for $1000 a side, three mile heats, with *Robin Brown*, over the Mt. Clement Course, Tappahannock, Va., was a winner of a colt's sweepstakes on the Union Course, on the 3d June, 1834.

Miss Chance, and her Chateau Margaux filly, [entered for the $1000 stakes at the Central], are doing well. She is now *of age*, being 21 years old; and a friend who saw her recently, writes, that she looks like breeding several years longer.

A Virginian writes: "I understand Col. Selden to have ONLY *forty-nine* subscribers to the sweepstakes to be run over the Central next Spring. How many do you "guess" will go? How many can be fairly started? How is the affair to be managed should more colts be on the ground than the Judge can say "go" to? How many separate stalls has the Colonel to let?"

Who shall say that correspondents are curious? But we are expected to answer, so here goes in a breath. ? Nine. ? Thirteen. ? Why, have two Judges, or one that stutters. ? Enough to accommodate all comers.

P.S. We hear this morning Col. Selden has fifty-two subscribers.

An esteemed correspondent in the Old Dominion asks: "Should not a stallion owner pay forfeit, after attaching a regularly built challenge to his stallion's advertisement in the newspapers at the beginning of the season, challenging the world to make a stallion stakes over named Courses, who refuses to make his entry after having induced other stallion owners to make entries? I know such a case, and where the proprietors of the Courses named opened the stakes in the precise words of the challenger. Indeed, a gentleman sent his mare 250 miles to secure a foal he could depend on for the race."

"Pay forfeit!" For his own reputation as well as his stallion's, he certainly should, at once, or be ruled off the track. A turfman that would be guilty of such a trick must be "dunghill" bred.

A correspondent in Augusta, over the signature of "Georgia," commences a long article in these terms:—"Since the great contest between the North and South, the Northern papers have been teeming with apologies and excuses for their champion. They have proclaimed to the world that *Post Boy* ran under "many disadvantages," and that his defeat could not be attributed to his want of heels or bottom. Such language as this is calculated to detract from the fame of *Bascombe*, which he has achieved by one of the most glorious victories on record."

Who "uses such language as this" towards Bascomb, Mr. caviller? Will you oblige us by naming "the Northern papers" that have endeavored to detract from the well-earned fame of the Southern champion? It is true, we think no less of *Post Boy* since he lost the match; so far from it, indeed, his owners and backers have more confidence in him than ever. The only article in a Northern paper, that even by implication, had a tendency to detract from Bascomb's reputation, was promptly transferred to our columns, and the opinions of the writer controverted to the extent of our ability, so far as they reflected to his disadvantage. It is evident, from the tone and temper of the communication of "Georgia," that he is not writing "by authority." A moment's conversation with the owners of Bascomb, would convince him that the expression of the sentiments contained in his letter does the "Northern papers" gross injustice.

Virginia and Ohio Jockey Club Races.

Under this rather engrossing name for a single Club, we find the following report of two days' racing in the "Marshall Sentinel," published at Elizabethtown, Va. It will be seen that New Yorkers carried off both purses. Mr. Bush, last year, made a tour of the "soft places" at the West, and in Canada, with his stable, raking most of the courses in his progress. Profiting by dear bought experience, the authorities of Canada, in offering a King's Plate to be run for this year at Three Rivers, excluded all horses not bred in the Provinces, to the great disappointment of a gentleman who promised us a prime glass of punch from that same King's Plate, which his lady flattered herself would in due time grace her sideboard.

JULY, 1836. J. C., SPRING MEETING. *First day*; Purse $150; four mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's b. c. *Waterboo*, by Eclipse, dam by Hickory, 4 years, 100 lbs.	2	1	1
John T. Zeilly's gr. m. *Effie Deans*, by Pirate, dam by Counsel,(?) 5 yrs. 107 lbs.	1	2	2
Alexander Law's s. h. *Weconaco*, by old Gracchus, dam by Multon, (?) 6 yrs. 118 lbs.	3	3	3
S. L. Parriott's b. g. *Plough Boy*, by Charles, 5 yrs. 110 lbs.	4	dr.	
J. Brannan's b. h. *Chariotier*, by Leonidas, dam by Potomac, aged, 124 lbs.	5	dr.	

TIME—1st heat, 8 33; 2d, 8 40; 3d, 8 44; (see note).

Second day: Purse $100, three mile heats.

P. C. Bush's (T. Moore's) g. f. *Whopscopienco*, by Parriott's Charles, dam by Counsel, 4 yrs. 97 lbs.	1	1
Alexander Law's s. m. *Cora*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, 6 yrs. 115 lbs.	3	2
Joseph Major's s. g. ——, by Parriott's Charles, 5 yrs. 107 lbs.	2	3

TIME—1st heat, 6 25; 2d, 6 52; (see note).

Note.—The editor of the Sentinel says, "this must be considered good running, when it is recollected that the track was heavy, and only three-fourths of a mile in length, making it necessary that the horses should run five times round the 1st day, with twenty-two corners to turn, and four times the 2d, to make out the distance." This course "does not begin" with one on the banks of Cayuga Lake, where last year the horses, we believe, had to leap two stone walls, and go ten rods out of the track to clear a pile of lumber!

TIME AS A STANDARD.

THE CAPTAIN, CLARA HOWARD, &c.

MR. EDITOR—In your paper of the 2d of July, you admit your "error," in having given credit to Clara Howard for a *second* heat, run in 3:44; also in relation to her "age, and the weight she accordingly carried;" she, in fact, having run 2d in the second heat, that was run in 3:49, and being four years old, carried only 101 lbs., whereas The Captain *won his second heat* in 3:44, (the time of Clar 's first), and being five years old, carried 110 lbs.

The "Subscriber," in *his* "haste," made also an "error," in neglecting that precision of language which should have conveyed the idea, that, according to his belief, in a two mile race no quicker heat than the Captain's had been run in America, and that it was "the best second heat recorded in our racing annals."—But that it was the *best* two mile heat, or race of two mile heats, he may have been in error, in more than one instance. Peace Maker, one of the speediest sons of Diomed, is said to have run a two mile heat, at Newmarket, near Petersburg, Va., in 3:43. In a four mile heat, run at the Union Course, in 7:49, Trifle is said to have run the two last miles in 3:43; if this be correct, *she* might have run the heat in 7:37.

Upon the same Course, in 1823, Sir William, by Sir Archy, when aged, beat Washington, 4 yrs. old, by Timoleon, (the latter taking the first heat in 3:51), winning the second and third heats in 3:45 and 3:50—the contest being confined to them. Taking into view the difference between the Newmarket, (not more adapted to speed than the National) and Union Courses, and that Sir William's speed, within one second of Clara's first and third heat, was exhibited in the second and third, places this achievement, in the opinion of the "Subscriber," before either Clara's or The Captain's, although in summing up the three heats in Clara's race, they were run three seconds quicker. That there is a great difference in their adaptation to speed between the Newmarket and Union Courses, is clearly proven by Henry's two races, in close contest, over both Courses when in their best condition. Henry, *carrying* 108 *lbs.*, ran two consecutive four mile heats upon the Union Course in 7:37 and 7:49; and a fortnight before, at Newmarket, *carrying only* 100 *lbs.*, he ran the same distance in the same style as his famed heat with Eclipse, beating Betsey Richards in a closely contested race, in 7:54 and 7:58, time that has never been surpassed upon that Course; but about the same as the heats made by Sir Charles, Trumpator, Collier, Andrew, and some others.

Your mode, Mr. Editor, of proving that Clara's was a better race than the Captain's, the "Subscriber" thinks does him (no doubt unintentional) injustice. His *second* heat was eleven seconds better than the first heat in his race, which he did not contest; and his third heat, which he ought to have won, was four seconds quicker. Why he lost that heat has been explained. If unable to take it, he might have been second. But your comparison presents a view of their first and second heats: Clara's *first* heat being her best, the same as The Captain's *second*, she *losing* about six seconds between the first and second heats, whereas The Captain *gained* eleven seconds, his first heat being four seconds slower than his third. In the aggregate and comparative merit of their performances, the difference between the two Courses deserves especial notice, it being evident "the sand tells in every progressive mile" at Washington, "as proven by experiment." Eclipse ran his four miles there in 8:3; Janet and Betsey Richards, in different races, ran theirs in nearly the same time. They had won with ease on the Union in 7:48 and 7:51. "A difference of 10 or 12 seconds between the Union and National Courses, in a heat of four miles, is '*not* excessive.'" When Juliana won her four miles, at the National, in 7:51, beating Hanslap, (a fast horse, that caused Trifle to run two four mile heats, at Timonium, in 7:49 and 7:54), the "Subscriber" is of opinion that, on *that* day, with the same weight, 97 lbs., she could have run over the Union Course, if in its best condition, in as good time as Henry's famed heat, and that too without "beating Bascomb and Post Boy all hollow." When they ran, the Course was *somewhat* heavy from the rain the preceding day. Who can doubt, that a horse able to win with ease each of his two heats of four miles in 7:52, running his *eighth* mile in 1:53, and in a subsequent race, his fourth mile in 1:51, if not quicker, has speed and bottom sufficient to run a four mile heat in 7:37? When horses that have performed well upon their "natale solum," have gone abroad, they have run very differently—e. g. Medoc, Shark, O'Kelly, Mingo,—Juliana, Ironette, Philip, Mary Randolph, Catherine Davis, &c., &c.

The "Subscriber" believes, Mr. Editor, that one might as well attempt to convince a thorough-going Jackson man that Clay has more talents, virtue and patriotism, than the "greatest and best," as to shake a Northern turfite in his belief that Eclipse was the best race horse that has ever run in America. Yet the "Subscriber" believes, that Post Boy is in every respect his equal. The Virginians regarded Timoleon, Virginian, and Sir Charles, as superior to Henry, and John Richards as his equal—having *also* won a second heat of four miles, at Newmarket, and having run the two last miles of the first heat in 3:48, beating Betsey Richards in 7:58. A few years ago they *generally* expressed such an opinion. No argument can prove its correctness or fallacy. That Henry would have beat Eclipse, but for the *unusual* weight upon a colt that had not fully completed his third year, the "Subscriber" has never doubted. Yet he believes Eclipse was an extraordinary horse, though not superior if equal to those named, and some few more. He ran under great advantages; but one race as a colt, and then the Fall he was 4 years old; and not more than two races, Spring and Fall, annually; and against inferior or broken down horses, until in his great match with Henry, he had all the elasticity and freshness of youth, with the strength and endurance of age. Before that he was underrated at the South; not only because his pedigree, now cleared up, was questioned, but that his best previous race had been closely contested by Sir Walter, that had been beat in Virginia with ease by Sir Charles and others. If "like gets like," there was no great difference between the renowned cotemporaries. Timoleon was sire to Sally Walker; Virginian to Mercury and Polly Hopkins; Sir Charles to Trifle, Andrew, &c.; Eclipse to Shark, Mingo, &c.; Henry to Post Boy, Dosoris, &c.; Bertrand to Bascomb, Bill Austin, &c.; and John Richards, to several of near equal fame. If the Courses they ran upon be a full mile, others have run as good races as Eclipse; as Andrew's 2d heat at Norfolk, in 7:40; Mercury's two heats at New Orleans, both about 7:44, &c., &c. Besides Andrew's second heat in 7:40, Sir Solomon ran two heats, and Betsey Ransom a second heat, at Norfolk, in about the same time; Sir Hal and Cupbearer, by Florizel, a heat at Broadrock, in 7:46; Sir Andrew the same, in Georgia; Miss Medley two heats there in 7:45; and Cupbearer, by Bedford, Pacolet, Ironette, Ohio, and perhaps some others, have run four miles at different Courses in Virginia, in 7:50. Sally Walker beat Ariel in two three mile heats, in 5:44 and 5:42; and Sussex, by Sir Charles, beat Polly Hopkins a second heat of three miles in 5:43. Sir Hal is said to have won a second heat at Washington in 5:43, but this the "Subscriber" questions—it wants proof.

None but extraordinary horses can run in extraordinary time; but it does not follow that those are not as good that have not achieved the same. Florizel was never put to his speed. When no horse was to be found to accept Sir Archy's challenge, none came within half a distance of him at the close of 4 miles; the same with Virago, Leviathan, Maid of the Oaks, Post Boy, (son of Gabriel), Gallatin, the Marias, and others, in the days of their fame.

In conclusion, it must be left to the opinions of others than yourself, Mr. Editor, or the "opinionated" "Subscriber," to decide whether "the race, (two mile heats), of Clara Howard shews more than equal racing merit with that of the Captain." Her race of three mile heats is admitted to have been better than his of equal distance and weight. Yet his three miles in 5:50 bears the same ratio to her 5:45, that the National Course bears to the Union.

The subscriber now takes leave of the discussion and of The Captain. His liberal owner is in entire ignorance as to the writer, who has no interest whatsoever in the horse or his blood. A "SUBSCRIBER."

☞ After a mutual confession of errors, we see no *material* points in question between "A Subscriber" and ourselves, that a longer discussion would help to arrange. We therefore drop the subject. But we cannot do so, without expressing the wish, that "A Subscriber" would continue his interesting communications.—ED.

NIMROD'S HUNTING TOUR.

In all hunting countries there is to be found what may be called, "a character," a constant attendant on the pack that hunts it; one who, in fox hunting lingo, may be said to take a line of his own, and who says to the rest of the world—"go you your way, and I will go mine." Of this genus was the late Walter Stubbs, Esq., of Beckbury, Salop, but for many years resident at Stratford-on-Avon, where as a man he enjoyed the esteem of his friends, and as a sportsman was much in the confidence of Mr. Corbet.

It has been very justly remarked, that whenever we enter into, whether it be pleasure or business, we should do so with spirit; and thus it was with Mr. Stubbs: for if ever a man could be said to be enthusiastically devoted to fox-hunting, it was he. Indeed, it was facetiously hinted, in the Epwell poem, that hunting six days in the week was not sufficient for this insatiable Nimrod, but that once in his life he cried "who-whoop" on a Sunday—

> With his hat in the air, peeping out for a gate,
> Neither looking, nor riding, by any means straight;
> Mr. Stubbs—a crack rider, no doubt, in his time—
> *Who hunting on Sundays did ne'er deem a crime.*

Mr. Stubbs, when resident in Shropshire, which was very near to the church, had a fox in his keeping, which he intended turning out before his hounds on a Monday morning. On the Sunday preceding, having lain in his bed, resting from the fatigues of the week, till the good people had assembled at their prayers, his servant came to inform him that his fox had escaped. "Has he, by Jove!" said Mr. Stubbs. "Saddle the bay horse in an instant, and I will be after him." So jumping out of bed, and forgetting the day of the week, he soon unkennelled the pack, and had them on the scent of the fox. Puggy having lingered about the buildings which were close to the church, the hounds remained giving their tongues for some minutes, in seeming opposition to the parson in his pulpit; and it is said that each cried "Amen," at the end of a twenty minutes' burst—Mr. Stubbs having killed his fox, as the parson concluded his sermon.

Innumerable are the ludicrous anecdotes in existence of this veteran sportsman, and truly singular character; one of which, as he used to relate it of himself, I shall venture to mention. He had a peculiar practice of keeping one eye shut, but which, on any occasion of surprise or alarm, as invariably opened. Having made a bet in the ring at Newmarket, and lost it, he was suddenly accosted by the winner, and asked for the money, which had the usual effect on the optic. On the Greek looking into his face, and observing his perfect vision, he apologized for his mistake, and rode away, observing, that "the gentleman he had betted with was a one-eyed one."

Bishops, however, are men. A few years since I passed two days in the same house with one of them, and, owing to a sporting man or two besides myself being of the party, we talked so much about hunting, that his Lordship was heard to declare, that he really believed, if he had remained a little longer at *******, he should have become a fox hunter, though he had never worn a pair of boots in his life.

The best anecdote of a Bishop and hunting is yet to come. It is well known, that (though before I was born) a certain high-bred dignitary of the Church kept a pack of fox-hounds, and was one of the best sportsmen of his day. When, however, the mitre adorned his brow, the hounds were transferred to his noble brother, who continued them in great style, but the Bishop did not attend them. Taking a ride, however, one day in a country in which he thought it *not unlikely* he might see something of them, he met the fox. The hounds were at fault; when, putting his finger under his wig, his Lordship gave one of his beautiful view-halloos. "Hark, haloo!" said one of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. "That will do," said he, knowing his old master's voice; "*that's gospel, by G—d!*"

One gentleman, however, never failed being at his post, and that was the Rev. Fulwar Fowle. This gentleman resides in the village of Kentbury, about four miles from Hungerford, of which place he is rector; and proved himself so good a subject, and such a useful member of society, that in the time of our troubles, when fox-hunting, as well as every other valuable institution in the country, was in danger, he stepped manfully forth, and was invested by his sovereign with martial as well as clerical authority—having the command of a corps of Berks yeomanry. On being reviewed by the King, (George III.,) when on duty at Windsor, his Majesty was pleased to observe, that Colonel Fowle was not only one of his best cavalry officers, but one of the best preachers, one of the best shots, and one of the best riders to hounds in his dominions. Who would not be proud of such a compliment from such a man!

From the following anecdote of the Rev. Colonel, we may very fairly conclude that he would not have disgraced the martial order had he met with the enemy in the gate:—He got a fall one day into a brook, by which he knocked out three of his teeth, and broke one of his legs. He was carried home and put to bed; but having a party that evening in his house, he had a glass of wine brought to him, and drank all their good healths and *success to fox-hunting.*

The following circumstance, also for the honor of fox-hunting, ought not to be lost to the sporting world.—A medical gentleman, by the name of Hemsted, residing near Newbury, ordered his gardener to set a trap for some vermin that infested his garden. As ill luck would have it, a fox was found in it in the morning with his leg broken. On being taken to the doctor, he exclaimed, "why did you not call me up in the night, that I might have set the leg?" He did set the leg, however, and the fox is quite recovered, and Mr. Ward told me he expected him at the kennel every day for the purpose of being turned out upon some earths.

It is not my practice to introduce the ladies, but I must take leave to make mention of one here. A few years back, when the country was so depressed, and rents came in so slowly, Mr. Ward told his lady he feared he must give up his hounds. "Oh, no!" said she, "don't do so, the times perhaps may mend." Going shortly afterwards to his banker's, he found the sum of a thousand pounds placed to his credit by a "Friend to Fox-hunting." This friend to fox-hunting was Mrs. Ward, and the sum was paid out of her private purse. Hear this, ye married ladies, and do not forget the moral! If you wish to retain the affections of your husbands, encourage, but do not thwart his favorite pursuits. Your beauty may fade in his eye; your charms may pall upon the sense; but such conduct as this can only be forgotten in the grave.

Some excellent stories are told of Stephen, Mr. Fellowes's huntsman, who has lived about thirty years in the family, and therefore is, in some degree, a privileged man. It seems, however, that he has done credit to his master's good keep, and some of it, "as the sparks fly upwards," has found its way into his nose. On a friend of Mr. Fellowes's giving him a hint of its rubicund appearance, he gave the following ingenious reason for the possession of it—namely, that he "*caught it* by riding after his master over the cold moors."—"How happens it," said my informant, "that your master has escaped the same fate?"—"Why, Sir," said Stephen, "master is able to drink his bottle of port after his dinner, which will keep the *crimson* frost-work out of any man's nose."

I must not, however, dismiss Stephen without mentioning one circumstance well worth recording. In the year 1816, Mr. Fellowes's hounds were running their fox, with a very high scent, over Mr. Buller's park at New-place, near King's-nympton, when he crossed the Southmolton road. Stephen—then riding nearly seventeen stone—charged the fence at the end of the park; but when his horse got upon the bank, (the fence being a double one,) he found that, instead of "going in and out, clever," if once he got in he should never come out, as the drop into the road was tremendous, and it was newly covered with fresh-broken stone. Dreadnought,* however, was not to be daunted; but Stephen exclaimed, "no go!" so catching hold of a *large* bough of a tree, (a *small* one would have availed him little,) which fortunately hung over his head, he suffered his horse to leap from under him, and so preserved his life.

The late Colonel Kelly, of Kelly, in the county of Devon, though a determined sportsman, must have been an odd fish. Being invited one day to dine at the house of a lady of high fashion in the county, he sate for a long time in her presence without saying a word, and then addressed her thus:—"Pray, Madam," said he, in the punctilious language of the old school, "did your Ladyship ever tailpipe a greyhound?"—"I know not what you mean," said her ladyship. "Why, Madam," observed the Colonel, "'tis the finest diversion in nature: Tom Sowden and I once tailpiped a greyhound at Jack Land's door, (there being no steps,) and he made but one jump to the bridge," as God's my judge, (the usual way of the Colonel clenching all his stories). Those who know where the bridge is situated, must agree with me in thinking that the Colonel could *jump* a bit also. I am told, however, that his anecdotes were generally good, and the merit of them much enhanced by the very peculiar mode of utterance with which he delivered them.

A clergyman residing in Devonshire, having another living in Nottinghamshire, went a short time since to visit it. As is customary on such occasions, his old bailiff, or farming man, wrote to inform him how things were going on in his absence, and concluded his epistle with these words:—"Betty Hony was married a Monday—*Time she was.* The old sow have a farrowed nine." Now, whether among the figures of speech, or the rules of writing, this may be termed *a climax*, I leave others to determine; but there is a unity of thought, and a closeness of expression about it which savor strongly of *the concise.*

Every one south of London, who moves in the sporting world, has heard of Captain Bridges, who has long been conspicuous for daring feats of horsemanship and coachmanship. The Captain is the son of the late General Bridges, and resides at the Hermitage, situated in a beautiful part of the county of Hants.

The following anecdote of the Captain is truly characteristic of an Englishman. Being one day with the fox-hounds, he saw two gentlemen parleying with a farmer in a gateway, who refused to let them pass through it. The Captain rode up to them, and asked what was the matter. "Why," said one of the gentlemen, "this farmer says he will murder the first man who attempts to go into this field." "Does he?" said the Captain; "then here goes, life for life:" and immediately charged him. The fellow aimed a desperate blow at his head with a very heavy stick, which, in spite of the velvet cap, would have felled him to the ground, if he had not had the good fortune to have avoided it; when, taking to his heels, the coward fled, with the Captain after him, and absolutely crept into a large covered drain to avoid him. "Who-whoop!" said the Captain; "I've run him to the ground, by G—d!"—Among his other accomplishments, he has the credit of riding a race so well, that, when I once went to ride against him, I found he was more the favorite than his horse. "The Captain wins for a pound," said a farmer in my hearing, as I first entered the course. Knowing there was a large field against him, I naturally asked the farmer if he knew any thing of the horse the Captain was a going to ride? "Not I," said the farmer; "but the Captain wins, and no one else, for a pound."

Were it necessary to show the Captain's devotion to hunting, the following fact would be sufficient. The last time I saw him out, he told me that he was severely attacked by gout at three o'clock that morning; but, *determined to hunt*, he had taken two strong calomel pills, sixty drops of colcichum, on the top of which he put a glass of hot gin and water on his road to covert, "to keep things in their places."

On Saturday the 12th, I turned out with Sir Thomas Mostyn, at Frinkford Bridge. We had twenty-five minutes *very quick* with our first fox, but lost him by a change, and our second went directly to the ground. I saw something, however that left its mark. I saw an Oxford man ride at a strong stile at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and his horse never rose twelve inches from the ground! *The purl was tremendous;* but the object was attained, for they both landed on the right side, and neither man nor horse was hurt. *They say* "there's a Providence sits up aloft;" and it *must* be so.

I am making myself an old sportsman when I talk of hunting in the Atherstone country with Mr. Adderly and Lord Vernon, as it is full twenty years ago. There was, however, a good deal of fun going on in those days, and some very hard riding. There were several others whom I cannot now call to mind—all hard and good riders to hounds—not forgetting little Burton, the tanner of Nuneaton (on his pony), better known by the name of the Paroquet, who proved himself once or twice such a teazer to Tom Smith over Leicestershire. "Damn that fellow," said he one day when he was following him close at his heels, "but *now* I *will* stop him;" so charging a most tremendous timber fence, he would in all probability have made his words good, had not his horse broken the top rail, and the Paroquet flew over.

Before that celebrated huntsman, Mr. Shaw, went to live with Sir Thomas Mostyn, and not long after he had left the Earl of Moira, he heard that a Mr. Adderley (not knowing anything about him) was in want of a huntsman for his fox-hounds. Shaw was hired by proxy for the purpose, and arrived at his house on a Sunday evening. At nine o'clock the bell rang for prayers. Shaw went into chapel, and behaved with great propriety; but the next morning he was nowhere to be found. Now, whether it was that there was no allowance for praying in his wages, or whether, as is the case with many, Shaw might have been of opinion that "prayers are but words, and words but wind," I will not take upon myself to determine; but so it was—he had packed up his saddle-bags, and returned to the place from which he came. Mr. Adderley himself related this anecdote to me—humorously adding, that although he supposed he had lost a very first-rate huntsman, yet he was not at all surprised at his sudden departure, as he had lived long enough with Lord Moira *to know how to take French leave.*

Robert Thurlow was one of the two unfortunate servants of Lord Anson, who came in contact with each other two years ago, at Lichfield, when clearing the course at the Anson Hunt races; by which dreadful occurrence his leg was broken, the same leg which was broken in two places the year before, in a fall with Lord Anson's hounds. When he lived with Mr. Smith, he not only whipped-in his hounds in the winter, but occupied several posts of honor in the summer; and among which—though I forget the rest—were cook and boatswain on board his yacht at Southampton. This universality of talent reminds me of the old miser Elwes' celebrated servant, who was his butler, coachman, gardener, huntsman, groom, and valet, and, according to his unreasonable master's account of him, "a d—d *idle* rascal" into the bargain.

It is not to be marvelled at that so much respect is paid to blood by all breeders of animals, when we see it distinguish itself so conspicuously in men; where we generally find the old proverb verified, that "like begets like." I shall never forget being in the company of that facetious old sportsman, the late Mr. Leech, of Carden in Cheshire, (who hunted that country so many years, and whose society was so delightful to every one,) when it was observed to him, that the son of an old and very convivial friend of his was filling a bumper every time the bottle passed him. "Why," said Mr. Leech, "I don't wonder at that; for, got by old —— out of a sister to ——, *the lad must drink.*"

The last time I saw Mr. Osbaldeston in the field, I saw him under very different circumstances. I saw him on the ground with his leg broken, the bone protruding through the skin, with his boot full of blood, and with every prospect of immediate amputation being necessary. He bore it like a man: but one remarkable expression escaped him. "I am so unlucky," said he, (having only just then recovered from another bad fall—and to the regimen he had been undergoing in consequence of it, was he, perhaps, indebted for the preservation of his limb,) "that *I think* I shall give up hunting." I thought the same at the moment; for to say the truth, when Mr. Lucas, Veterinary Surgeon, put his whip into the boot, and it came out bloody, my heart sickened at the scene; and I said to myself—"this will be my case next." Fortunately, however, for humanity, like the woman in travail, who says in her haste, "all men are liars," these impressions soon wear away; and Mr. Osbaldeston now hunts his own hounds six days a week!

I was asked by several why I had not come to Melton sooner in the season, and before the dry weather set in? My answer to this was obvious. "A man," said I, "with five hunters and a pack, makes a very respectable appearance in the Provincials, but he has no business in Leicestershire. He would be more than half his time dicking his heels in the town where he was quartered, whilst his friends were enjoying themselves in the field."

Exclusive of work for horses, when hounds are running, there is another way of making use of horse-flesh in Leicestershire; and that is, in coming home from hunting, or what in the language of the day is called "larking." One of the party holds up his hat, which is a signal for the start, and putting their horses' heads in a direction for Melton, away they go, and stop at nothing till they get there.

I was told the day before by a hard-riding Meltonian, that I must screw up my nerves if I went into the Stubton country; and I think I never did see one so strongly fenced. If I could have made use of the pencil, I would have brought away a sketch of one of them. It was a blackthorn hedge about eight inches higher than the top of my hat, as I stood on the ground, with growers in it as thick as a man's thigh, plashed at the top, and with a wide ditch on one side. On remarking to Mr. Robert Grosvenor that it was a stiff country, he observed that it was so to be sure: "but," added he, "a man has nothing to do but to throw his heart over and follow it." This is all very well, thought I, but it is not every heart that will leap so high even when its owner gives the word: "a man cannot add a cubit to his stature."

The grand sight, however, in a Leicestershire field is the start; and here it is that what is called "a workman" distinguishes himself; for as Dean Swift says, "it is as hard to get rid of numbers as of hell. Whoever has an ambition to be heard in a crowd," continues this facetious writer, when speaking of public spokesmen, "must press, and squeeze and thrust, and climb with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself above them;" and so it is with a man who means to see a Leicestershire run. No small danger is here to be encountered; for if he fall, he is almost certain to be ridden over, and some luck must attend him if he be not seriously hurt. In the *melee* there are some who have not the best hands on their horses, and therefore cannot always stop when they wish, however well inclined to do so.

Cato talks of charming dislocated bones by repeating mystical words. If this renowned sage had lived in the present day, he would have had plenty of custom among the hard-riding Meltonians, as broken arms and collar-bones are accidents of frequent occurrence. On meeting my old friend Captain Stuart (brother to Sir Simeon) the other day, with his arm in a sling, I asked him how it happened. "I got a fall," said he, "and seventeen men rode over me, and broke my arm in two places!" That capital sportsman, Mr. George Marriott, the draper, whom I have known and admired as a first-rate judge ever since I first hunted in Leicestershire, was walking about with his arm disabled—having dislocated his shoulder, and otherwise injured the limb.

When on the subject of falls, I may be allowed to mention the universal regret expressed at Melton for the serious injury that befel Mr. Ralph Lambton, when riding after his own hounds. Mr. T. A. Smith also had a very severe fall this winter, which was thus described to me, in a letter from a master of fox-hounds:—"Tom Smith has had a terrible fall, by which he received a blow on his head that half finished him; but he is now better and at *it again.*" It is asserted, that from the many impracticable places this gallant rider attempts, on horses not always with the jump left in them, he gets from sixty to a hundred falls every year with hounds. Courage is not only to be seen on the rampart, on the deck, or in the ranks, but is a very necessary ingredient in a man who rides hard over Leicestershire.

When on the subject of nerve, and to shew that the old adage of "like master like man" is sometimes verified; I will relate the following anecdote:—When Jack Shirley was whipper-in to Mr. Smith, he was riding an old horse called Gadsby (not much the better for having been many years ridden by his master) over one of the worst fields in Leicestershire for a blown horse—between Tilton and Somerley—abounding with large ant-hills and deep-holding furrows. The old horse was going along at a good slapping pace, with his head quite loose, and down hill at the time, whilst Jack was in the act of putting a lash to his whip, *having a large open clasp knife between his teeth at the time.*

We might be almost put to it to find a better proof of nerve than what I have just related; but the following is not an every day occurrence. During the last year that Mr. Smith hunted Leicestershire, he had a run of nineteen miles, point blank, which is well known by the name of the Belvoir day. It so happened that the pace was so good, and the country so severe, that no one was with the hounds towards the last except Mr. Smith, and that well-known performer over a country or over a course, Mr. John White. It also so happened that they came to a fence so high and so strong, that there was only one place that appeared at all practicable, and this was in the line Mr. White was taking. The consequence was, Mr. Smith was obliged to turn to this place, expecting to find Mr. White well over; but instead of this, he found him what is called "bull-finched"—his horse and himself sticking fast in the hedge. "Get on," says Mr. Smith. "I cannot," said Mr. White, "I am fast."—"*Ram the spurs into him*," exclaimed Mr. Smith, "and pray get out of the way."—"D—n it," said Mr. White, "if you are in such a hurry, why don't you ride at me, and charge me?" Mr. Smith did charge him, and sent him and his horse into the next field, when away they went again, as if nothing had happened.

The name of Captain Ross has been so often before the public in his various pigeon-shooting matches, that nothing is wanting to establish him as a first-rate shot. I saw him hit a black wafer fixed on the back of a common card, at fourteen yards, several times; but strange to say, *he only missed the card twice*, at this distance, out of three hundred shots—hitting the wafer one hundred and fifty-five times! Calling on Captain Ross one morning, I found him practising at fourteen yards. He then presented his pistol out of his drawing-room window, and said, "Now you shall see me take the head off the figure on Smith Barry's house." This was a small gilt figure of Hope, about five inches in length, placed between the windows, to show that the house was insured at the Hope Insurance office. He lodged the ball in the left breast! "That will not do," said he, "I must have the head off."—"Is it not dangerous?" said I; "there is Smith Barry and a friend sitting close by."—"Oh no," replied he, "I have perfect confidence in my pistol." He fired again, and shot off the head. The distance across the street was certainly not less than fifteen yards; but the space from Madam Hope to the chairs on which Mr. Smith Barry and his friend was sitting, did not exceed three. They showed no symptoms of alarm on ascertaining, as they arose to the window, whence the shot proceeded, but on the contrary they took their seats again quietly after the first fire.

Perhaps the following may be termed a *chef d'œuvre.* He made a match to kill with pistol and ball twenty swallows on the wing in one day, and *he won his match.*

Now, most fortunately for society, Captain Ross is a particularly fine-tempered young man; for at the customary duelling distance, he must be nothing less than a second Marcellus.* "Where would you like to have it, Sir?" he might say; "would somewhere about the fifth button suit you?"† As for myself, that I should ever fight a duel with Captain Ross, is almost as unlikely as the coming of the second Shiloh; but if I were, (which God forbid,) I should act thus: I should toss up for the first fire; and if I lost it, I should know how to act, and be prepared for the worst. I should send for an undertaker, give directions for my funeral, fix upon the spot for my bones to repose in, and, in humble imitation of the immortal Virgil, I would write my own epitaph for my tomb:

> To Captain Ross I lost the toss,
> So here interred I lie;
> Reader, take care of him beware—
> *If he shoots first you die.*

Mr. Chudleigh Haynes. One little anecdote, as a sample of this gentleman's talent for quick and sarcastic reply, may not be unamusing to your readers. Dining one day in a large party where the almost exploded fashion of drinking toasts was adhered to, he was in his turn called upon to give one. Having observed that almost all those already drunk had been the healths of different noblemen, he told the President he supposed he must give him *a Lord.* "But you have drunk them all," said he, "have you not?"—"Not quite, neither," added he; "I think I can find one."—"Who is he?" said the President, expecting something ludicrous was coming. "Why, I'll give you *Lord have mercy upon us!*" said Mr. Haynes.

As a companion, Mr. Nicoll is a man of great readiness and wit, and a happy quickness in reply. One proof of the latter being as good as a hundred, I take the liberty of giving the following. A well-mounted man had one day been pressing so closely on his hounds, that nothing but a Job could stand it any longer, and Mr. Nicoll bestowed upon him a few hearty damns. The offender rode up to him, and said, "Upon my word, Mr. Nicoll, I don't understand this, Sir! I did not *come out* to be damn'd!"—"Then *go home* and be damn'd!" replied Mr. Nicoll.

As a public character and a statesman, Sir Francis Burdett is known to almost all mankind, and I think I may say, he is to all mankind a friend. It is not for me, however, to eulogise him here, but as a sportsman I may speak of him, and also as the sportsman's friend.

No man rides harder over a country than Sir Francis Burdett: and I think I can exemplify this in a few words. When dining one day in a large party at Melton, I heard the following question asked by a gentleman, who has been at the top of the tree in that country for eleven successive seasons.—"Has any man," said he, "seen Sir Francis Burdett refuse a fence which any other man rode at, or over?" The answer was in the negative. Another question was put—"Have we not all of us seen Sir Francis Burdett frequently ride at fences which other hard-riding men have refused?" The answer was in the affirmative.

It is not always that we find the hero and the sportsman united in the same person; but Sir Hussey Vivian is a thorough sportsman. He is not only a very good shot—very celebrated for his greyhounds, of which he had at least ten brace when I was at Beechwood—but he is also a good judge of, particularly attached, and an excellent friend to fox-hunting. Every well-wisher to fox-hunting must read with pleasure Sir Hussey Vivian's speech, a short time since, on the order of the day for the third reading of the proposed Game Bill. "I own," said the gallant General, "I am *proud* of sporting; and the greatest commander the world ever had has declared, that he found the men who followed the hounds brave and valiant soldiers."

I own I am partial to English customs and manners in their native garb, and only fear that in another century, among the higher orders at least, the remembrance of them only will be left. That they remain at present in full force and virtue among Dorsetshire yeomen, the following anecdote told by Mr. Butler, will amply prove; and I wish I could relate it to my readers as well as he related it to me. Mr. Butler informed me, he was lately invited to the house of a person of this description, who gave a dinner to about a dozen friends. "My host," said Mr. B., "weighed upwards of twenty stone, and sate behind a rump of beef weighing fifty-two pounds. Being a bachelor, a friend of his weighing nearly as much, sate at the bottom of the table behind a loin of veal weighing thirty pounds, and there was a ham in the middle weighing twenty-seven pounds. When these were removed, the maid in waiting placed *six plum puddings, in six different dishes*, on the table, when her master called out to her—'*That will do, Sally: don't put any more puddings down till I tell you!*'"

When speaking of Dorsetshire, and lest another opportunity should not present itself permit me to mention a circumstance that occurred there in the course of last season, which in the eyes of sportsmen, reflects immortal honor on the country. A farmer in Mr. Farquharson's Hunt was accused of killing a fox. *He was not allowed to dine at the farmer's ordinary at his market town, until he had proved, by an affidavit to that effect, that he was not guilty of the act he was charged with!!*

* The horse he rode.

* Marcellus always killed his man.

† "Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?"—*Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*

FLY FISHING IN SCOTLAND.

Halieus.—There was a fish that rose and missed the fly—a sea trout. There, he has taken it, a fresh run fish, from his white belly and blue back.

Poietes.—How he springs out of the water! He must be 6 or 7 lbs.

Hal.—Under five, I am sure; he will soon be tired. He fights with less spirit: put the net under him. There, he is a fine fed sea trout, between 4 and 5 lbs. But our intrusive brother angler (as I must call him) is coming down the river to take his evening cast. A stout Highlander, with a powerful tail,—or, as we should call it in England, *suite.* He is resolved not to be driven off, and I am not sure that the Laird himself could divert him from his purpose, except by a stronger tail, and force of arms; but I will try my eloquence upon him. "Sir, we hope you will excuse us for fishing in this pool, where it seems you were going to take your cast; but the Laird has desired us to stand in his shoes for a few days, and has given up angling while we are here; and as we come nearly a thousand miles for this amusement, we are sure you are too much of a gentleman to spoil our sport; and we will take care to supply your fish kettle while we are here, morning and evening, and we shall send you, as we hope, a salmon before night."

Poiet.—He grumbles good sport to us, and is off with his tail: you have hit him in the right place. He is a pot fisher, I am sure, and somewhat hungry, and, provided he gets the salmon, does not care who catches it!

Hal.—You are severe on the Highland gentleman, and I think extremely unjust. Nothing could be more ready than his assent, and a keen fisherman must not be expected to be in the best possible humour, when he finds sport which he believes he has a right to, and which perhaps he generally enjoys without interruption, taken away from him by entire strangers. There is, I know, a disputed point about fishing with the rod, between him and the Laird; and it would have been too much to have anticipated a courteous greeting from one, who considers us as the representatives of an enemy. But I see there is a large fish which has just risen at the tail of the pool. I think he is fresh run from the sea, for the tide

is coming in. My fly and tackle are almost too fine for so large a fish, and I will put on my first fly with a very strong single gut link and a stretcher of triple gut. He has taken my fly, and I hold him—a powerful fish: he must be between 10 and 15 lbs. He fights well, and tries to get up the rapid at the top of the pool. I must try my strength with him, to keep him off that rock, or he will break me. I have turned him, and he is now in a good part of the pool: such a fish cannot be tired in a minute or two, but requires from ten to twenty, depending upon his activity and strength, and the rapidity of the stream he moves against. He is now playing against the strongest rapid in the river, and will soon give in, should he keep his present place.

POIET.—You have tired him.

HAL.—He seems fairly tired: I shall bring him to shore. Now gaff him; strike as near the tail as you can. He is safe; we must prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head to deprive him of sensation, and then make a transverse cut just below the gills, and crimp him, by cutting to the bone on each side, so as almost to divide him into slices: and now hold him by the tail that he may bleed. There is a small spring, I see, close under that bank, which I dare say has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under 50°—place him there, and let him remain for ten minutes; then carry him to the pot, and before you put in a slice, let the water and salt boil furiously, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another; and so proceed with the whole fish; leave the head out, and throw in the thickest pieces first.

PHYSICUS.—Why did you not crimp your trout?

HAL.—We will have him fried. Our poacher prevented me from attending to the preparation; but for frying he is better not crimped, as he is not large enough to give good transverse slices.

POILET.—This salmon is a good fish, and fresh, as you said, from the sea. You see the salt-water louse adheres to his sides, and he is bright and silvery, and a thick fish; I dare say his weight is not less than 14 lbs., and I know of no better fish for the table than one of that size.

PHYS.—It appears to me that so powerful a fish ought to have struggled much longer: yet, without great exertions on your part, in ten minutes he appeared quite exhausted, and lay on his side as if dying: this induces me to suppose, that there must be some truth in the vulgar opinion of anglers, that fish are, as it were, drowned by the play of the rod and the reel.

HAL.—The vulgar opinion of anglers on this subject I believe to be perfectly correct: though to apply the word drowning to an animal that lives in the water, is not quite a fit use of language. Fish, as you ought to know, respire by passing water, which always holds common air in solution, through their gills or bronchial membrane, by the use of a system of muscles surrounding the fauces, which occasion constant contractions and expansions, or openings and closings of this membrane, and the life of the fish is dependent on the process, in the same manner as that of a quadruped is on inspiring and expiring air. When a fish is hooked in the upper part of the mouth, by the strength of the rod applied as a lever to the line, it is scarcely possible for him to open the gills as long as this force is exerted, particularly when he is moving in a rapid stream; and when he is hooked in the lower jaw, his mouth is kept close by the same application of the strength of the rod, so that no aerated water can be inspired. Under these circumstances he is quickly deprived of his vital forces, particularly when he exhausts his strength by moving in a rapid stream. A fish, hooked in a part of the mouth where the force of the rod will render his efforts to respire unavailing, is much in the same state as that of a deer caught round the neck by the lasso of a South American peon, who gallops forwards, dragging his victim after him, which is killed by strangulation in a very short time. When fishes are hooked foul, that is, on the outside of the body, as in the fins or tail, they will often fight for many hours, and in such cases very large salmon are seldom caught, as they retain their powers of breathing unimpaired; and if they do not exhaust themselves by violent muscular efforts, they may bid defiance to the temper and the skill of the fisherman. A large salmon, hooked in the upper part of the mouth in the cartilage or bone, will sometimes likewise fight for a long while, particularly if he keep in the deep and still parts of the river: for he is able to prevent the force of the hook, applied by the rod, from interfering with his respiration; and by a powerful effort, can maintain his place, and continue to breathe in spite of the exertions of the angler. A fish, in such case, is said to be sulky, and his instinct, or his sagacity, generally enables him to conquer his enemy. It is, however, rarely that fishes hooked in the mouth are capable of using freely the muscles subservient to respiration; and their powers are generally, sooner or later, destroyed by suffocation.

Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia."

COURT OF SESSIONS.

The following extraordinary circumstance transpired in the Court of Sessions yesterday. We quote from the reports of the Times, and the Courier and Enquirer:—

William D. Gray, a remarkably good looking young man, very dark eyes, rather small and slender in make, but elegant and genteel in appearance, dressed in a neat black suit, and the celebrated companion of Richard P. Robinson, was charged on three indictments, with stealing articles from different persons, coat, trowsers, vest, hat, &c.

The prisoner smiled when the third indictment was read, apparently at the idea of their coming so thick upon him. He was standing by the side of a black man, on one of the benches, who was also charged with stealing clothing. One of the indictments was for grand larceny, and the other two for petit larceny.

On being asked if he was ready for trial, he answered, no. He had no witnesses and no counsel, nor had he had an opportunity of getting any. He had been kept at Bellevue in a dungeon, in the dark, separate from the other prisoners; had no opportunity of conversing with any person or of procuring counsel. If the court will allow him a light room, and pen, ink, and paper, he will endeavor to procure counsel, and be ready for trial next week.

This Gray is the individual whose cloak it was said Richard P. Robinson had on on the night of the murder, and which was found in the yard in the rear of Thomas street. In regard to his complaint of having been kept in the dungeon, the Recorder stated that the management of the prison belonged to the keeper, and was only under the jurisdiction of the judges. It was necessary, at times, to keep prisoners secluded, as some of them had many persons calling to see them, and made an improper use of privileges. But in the present instance there was still another, an important, and most revolting reason why the rigors of the prison were enforced upon him. It appears, that while Robinson was in prison at Bellevue, Gray was also there, and they contrived during that time to keep up a correspondence by letter with each other. After Gray's arrest, a letter, written by Robinson to him, whilst both of them were in prison, was found upon him, in which Robinson states that he, himself, would be tried on such a day, acquitted on such a day, and that if he, Gray, wanted to get clear of his wife, and to get married again, that he would be able, when he got out, to get a divorce from his wife, as he, Robinson, after his acquittal, would go and seduce her, and be an evidence for him to prove the criminal conversation; adding that it was not the first time he obliged a friend in that way. This letter was written only a few days before Robinson was tried for his life. The Court decided the prisoner, (Gray), should have till Monday next, till 11 o'clock, and the counsel he might engage should have access to him, and a proper room be allowed them.

And this young man, [Robinson], is the "boy" in whose behalf such efforts were made to enlist the public sympathies! The court room was packed with his licentious associates, to hiss and applaud, as opportunity might occur, in furtherance of the design, which was manifest from the beginning, to brow-beat the community, mock public justice, and procure his acquittal at all events. The young man verily appears to stand out alone and above all others in his iniquity—a monster of the human species. History affords no parallel to his case. We have said, however, and we say it again—although not a particle of doubt exists in this community of his guilt in the 'taking off' of Helen Jewett—that the jury did right in his acquittal, under the circumstances of the case *as presented to them by the public prosecutor*. On the testimony laid before them, they could do no otherwise. We are aware that the District Attorney has, over and over again, been charged with corruption in the matter. We believe no such thing.—He probably supposed he should be able faithfully to try the young man, and convict him, and yet spare the feelings and characters of the "*gentlemen!*" who lodged with Rosina Townsend and her precious household on the night of the murder. The counsel opposed were, moreover, an overmatch for him, and his humane feelings, and truly amiable temper, enabled his sagacious and eloquent opponents to persuade him to yield too much.

There is one fact, in regard to the depravity of Robinson, which we believe has never been published. His private journal, which is a loathsome record of his licentiousness, and his consequent diseases, was inscribed to his —— but our pen revolts from the office of carrying out the record of his if possible deeper infamy.

Great surprise has been expressed by the public, at the untiring efforts made by Mr. Hoxie, in behalf of this wretched young man. But all who are acquainted with Mr. Hoxie, know that his heart is the abode of kindness and benevolence, and we have reason to know that in this painful case, he was governed by the best feelings of our nature. The accused was a youth in his employ, and towards whom he stood in the relation of guardian. And he doubtless acted towards him, just as he, or any other parent, would himself desire to have a friend act towards a son, at a distance from the paternal roof, who might be so unfortunate as to stand in the same situation among strangers. In the course he took, therefore, Mr. Hoxie did no more than to fulfil the golden rule of the Saviour of Men—who has taught that "in all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye the same unto them."

This Gray, we have seen it somewhere stated, has been confined in the penitentiary, for a brutal assault upon his wife.

On the acquittal of Robinson, a great flourish was made about his falling upon his father's neck, and weeping. If so, it must have been sheer acting. His conduct immediately afterward, was that of indecent levity; and on the day following, his language respecting his father—when the gaoler was making out his bill, was not only disrespectful, but unfeeling.

Commercial Advertiser.

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases.

W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease.

CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood, with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver hands, with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and posess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass.

Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's.
may 14

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . $25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-8 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114 lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Roseburg*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler,—Snip—Godophin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (119lb. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledonian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning he Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Ueney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50l., distance 1 mile, quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Vah Loo, Aaron, Nicoll, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (126lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,) Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 16gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 year old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range, and the concerns of *Literature and the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence, Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter of* "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c.. &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books, Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest [illegible] and our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our column to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our aught in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Howe.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The New Series of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance). $5 00
For Six Months. 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines. $3 00
Each subsequent insertion. 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836–7–8.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $5000 a side; *Hickory John* vs *Miss Medley*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, 6th Dec.
ALEXANDRIA, La. - - - Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" " Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
CULPEPER C. H. Va. - Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
CHARLESTOWN, Va. - - Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, Monday, 26th Sept.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky., Spring Hill Association, Thursday, 1st Sept.
DAVISON'S COURSE, - Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
DANVILLE, Va. - - - Jockey Club, Tuesday, 11th Oct.
FRANKLIN, La. - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
JACKSON, Tenn. - - - District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
" " Match, 1000 Yards, $1,000 aside, *Silk Stockings* vs. *Shawneytown*, 4th of July.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
NEW-YORK CITY. - - Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, Mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Red Maria* vs. *Chuckfahila*, Pharsalia Course, Dec.
" " Match, Four mile heats, $2,000 aside, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Pharsalia Course, Jan. 29, 1837.
" " Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
" " Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, Mile heats, $1,000 aside; b. c. r. Pacific, vs. imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, Mile heats, $2,000 a side; full br. to Naked Truth, vs. imp. f. by Multy; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall of 1838.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - Wednesday, 19th Oct.
PITTSBURGH, Pa. - - Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 28th Sept.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va. - Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
THREE RIVERS, L. C. - Regular Meeting, 28th July.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Varieties.

The Chinese had glorious fun in sliding down hill last winter, it being the first time they had seen snow in the Celestial Empire for forty years. They would sit in a row of fifty or sixty, take hold of each others' long queus, and go *a-head*, hair and all. Boston Post.

AMERICAN TALENT IN ENGLAND.—Notwithstanding the rumor industriously attempted to be put in circulation by certain invidious persons, that N. P. Willis, Esq. had been generally cut by the English nobility, we perceive that up to the hour of his departure he had the entre into their highest circles, among others at the Duke of Devonshire's fashionable routes, considered the very acme of the *haute societe*, more exclusive, select and aristocratic even than Almacks. Star.

The late Professor Vince, one morning, (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this." "Yes," answered Vince, "it is a rare *mathematical wind*." "Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other, "how so?" "Why," replied Vince, "it has *extracted* a great many *roots*!"

The following lucid and elegant superscription, is copied from a letter dropped into the Post Office at Buffalo:—"Metilde Goghben of gecargo Steat, of ellinoyce Amereca."

When old Serjeant Maynard waited upon William III., with the address and congratulations from the gentlemen of the law, the king complimented the old man upon his good looks, and added, that he had outlived all his brother lawyers. "Had it not been for your Majesty's arrival," he replied, "I should have outlived the law itself."

The Hon. Tristam Burgess has resumed the practice of the law in Providence. He says, "he will, according to his old professional rule, aid all who are now out of the law, to keep out; and all who are in, to get out as quick as possible."

An Extraordinary Ward in Chancery.—Died recently, the cat Blucher, once the favorite pet of a lady, who at her decease left the sum of £10 per annum to be appropriated to the use of this favored specimen of the feline race. In consequence of some litigation occurring between the parties interested in the disposal of the lady's property, Blucher became a ward in Chancery, and the amount of the legacy was regularly paid by order of the Court to Elizabeth Whittington, who, by a coincidence rather singular, was appointed to receive the annuity in behalf of the cat.

What would our delicate French-shoed ladies say at an introduction of the Greenland fashion, where the "females carry their children in their boots?"

French Indemnity.—Among the numerous individuals who have shared this "god send," we notice the legal representatives of the Hon. Wm. Gray, of Boston, as awarded nearly $200,000, and those of the Hon. Israel Thorndike, about $125,000. The United States Insurance Company have declared a dividend of *twenty-five per cent*, arising solely from the Indemnity.

A Modern Epicurean.—There is now living at Thringstone, aged 52, Joseph Read, a stocking maker, whose stomach never received animal food; he has no antipathy to the sight or smell of meat, and carves with pleasure for his family, but he dare not taste, for it would instantly be rejected. He assigns as a reason that his mother longed for pork, which she was unable to obtain, and he is marked on the back of the neck with the wished-for food.

Country editors appear to be very pleasantly employed just now, in measuring the circumference of colossal strawberries, cabbages, &c., presented them by their subscribers. "We have an excellent guage," quoth the Boston Transcript, "*but no practice*."

Great Names in Disrepute.—On Monday, *Mr. Fox* and *Mr. Canning* were brought before the Manchester magistrates for having been found drunk and disorderly in the streets, when they were sentenced to sit in the stocks for two hours! Strange to say, a few minutes after, *Mr. William Pitt*, transformed into a "kidley wink" keeper, was brought up on another charge.

CUTENESS.—"What's cotton?" asked a wagoner with a load, of one returning empty.
"Why, its cotton," was the reply.
"But does it *fotch* any thing?"
"No,—my team *fotch'd* it."
"I mean—what does it come to?"
"Why, to the loom, to be sure."
"Zounds!—how high is it?"
"Three tiers at Hamburg."
"I say, stranger—you're a little too cute for me."
"The same to you and all your family."

BREAKING UP OF HAREMS IN THE EAST.—A German paper states, that "the Shah of Persia, in order to give a proof of the advancement of civilization, had suddenly thrown open the gates of his harem, and given their liberty to all the females slaves that it contained. All the great men of the empire followed the example; and the inhabitants of Teheran could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the gates of the palace opened for the first time for the unhappy victims. This news causes an extraordinary sensation here and all over the East. It was believed in Pera, that the Sultan would follow the example.

The style of advertisements is frequently amusing. Last winter, a Boston merchant, advertising a pair of pocket pistols, headed the paragraph "French War," in bold caps. A Providence advertiser, who has a lot of prime flax bedcords for sale, uses the following caption:—"Young Married Men, Attend!"

"O mother," said a very little child, "Mr. S——does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whispers to her—and he *hugs* her." "Why Edward, your aunt does not suffer that does she?" Suffer it, yes mother, she *loves* it."

CURIOUS LEGISLATION.—A motion was made at the last session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania—"That the Clerk of the House be requested to furnish each member with a *pair of skates*, for his amusement during the Christmas holidays."

There are many things more ridiculous than this, done by the Solons of that State, particularly during their afternoon sessions, which are a species of saturnalia. On such an occasion, a year or two since, it was proposed to make a certain turnpike gate free for funerals. An amendment was offered, so as to include masonic processions; and, an amendment to that proposed, that Masons, to pass free, should wear their shirt-tails on the outside of their pantaloons, instead of inside, the *usual* method.—*Camden Journal.*

The Prussians appear to excel even the Irish in their fondness for potatoes, as well as in the various modes of preparing them for use. A recent traveller states that he has frequently on one occasion seen them served in six different forms—the bread made from them—the soup thickened with them—fried potatoes—potatoe salad, and potatoe dumplings: and lastly, potatoe cheese, which, besides being extremely palatable, will last some years.

Mr. John Hodge, a revolutionary hero, and a bachelor 102 years of age, was married lately in Columbia county, Ga. to an interesting young lady of forty, named Elizabeth Baily. None but the brave deserve the fair.

OUR NEWS BOAT.—INSURANCE.—We found some trouble in getting our News Boat insured. Two or three of the Insurance Offices giving as a reason, that "*we were going to drive her so.*" A capital idea this! Do they think that we mean to set the Hudson on fire?—*N. Y. Express.*

The Joiners and House Carpenters of Mobile, following the example of their brother craftsmen at the North, have struck for higher wages. They require four dollars a day as the price for their labour.

A countryman in the north of Scotland, on being asked his opinion of a "future state," sagely answered,, "that he didna fash himseli' wi' ony state affairs."

DIALOGISTIC.—"Tom! how d'ye do" "Oh miserably—miserably." "How's your family?" "Oh! finely, all that are here." "Any out of town?" "Yes, all gone but myself."

General La Ronciere had been for a short time Commander of the Cavalry Model School of St. Germain, when he heard that two scholars fifteen years of age, had just had a dispute, and that one of them had received a box on the ear. He sent for them, and said, "Gentlemen, you have had a quarrel, one of you has even received a blow. You will be one day officers; but you would be unworthy to bear an epaulette, if you did not settle this affair with arms. You will each take a pistol, place yourselves at fifteen paces, and at each miss you will advance a step." *At the eighth fire the two youths had each a ball in the belly.*

The Emperor of Russia has seven children, amongst whom are three princesses.

Mr. Green, the aeronaut, made his 212th and 213th ascent, from the Surrey Zoological Gardens, on Monday and Tuesday last.

A woman near Dieppe was recently delivered of twins, who were joined together by the cheeck and the nose.

O'Mulgrave lately paid a visit to the domicile of an ancient *chere amie*, not far from the Regent's park, and found the bird had flown. The coronetted scribbler it appears took to snivelling, and wrote a sonnet on the subject. Hook hearing this, said it ought to be published in his next collection of "fugitive pieces."

"Why is my new horse (asked Teapot Copeland of Hobler.) like the dawn of day?" Hob swore it was impossible to guess so astoundingly clever a con.—"Because 'tis very like *A-roarer*," answered Teapot.

John Wilks is "werry ill." We received the following reply to our affectionate enquiry we made the other day: How is the Member for Boston? Why he' is nothing to 'Boast-un.' What is his complaint? A *cat*-arrh. How has he been treated? With a *cat*-aplasm. We did not pursue our *cat*-egories further.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Monday Evening, July 18th.

NINTH GRAND CONCERT, and fourth night of the engagement of Signor Gambati, whose performances last season were the theme of universal admiration, and who will have the honor of making his second appearance this evening.

The proprietor respectfully informs the public that he has also effected an engagement with Mr. James Kendall, the celebrated professor of the Clarionet, from Boston, who will make his 3d appearance, and perform a Solo.

Principal Vocal Performers.—Mrs and Miss Watson, Mr. C. E. Horn, Sigr. Fabj, and Mr. Cunnington.

The Orchestra will be full and effective, and led by Mr. Boucher, Conductor of the Orchestra of the Italian Opera House.

Solo and Instrumental Performers.—Sigr. Gambati, Mr. James Kendall, Sigr. Casolani, Messrs. J. A. Kyle, W. Taylor, Meyrick, Meyers, Goodwin, Conduit, Dodsworth, Nidds, Kyle, Sr., Klussman, Cramer, Munson, Cooke, Gentil, Cline. Leader, Mr. Boucher. Conductor, Mr. Watson.

☞ A recess of half an hour, between the parts of the Concert, will be given, when the Grand Military Band will perform a variety of popular Marches, Airs, &c.

The Concert to commence at eight o'clock.

PART I.

Grand Overture—Edwardo e Christina — Rossini.
Irish Melody—Mrs. Watson, Miss Watson, Mr. C. E. Horn, and Mr. Cunnington—The last rose of summer—harmonized by — Watson.
Grand Scena—Mr. C. E. Horn—The last words of Marmion—written by Sir Walter Scott—composed by — Dr. Clarke.
Swiss Melody—Mrs. Watson—"Oh, how sweet to meet again"—arranged by — Madame Malibran.
National Patriotic Song—Signor Fabj—(by particular request)—Amor di patria — Generali.
The celebrated Echo Song—Miss Watson—from the opera of Brother and Sister—Flute obligato, Mr. Kyle — Bishop.
Solo on the Valve Trumpet—Signor Gambati—Grand Introduction and Cavatina of "Elena O tu," from the opera of Il Donna de Lago — Rossini.

PART II.

Grand Overture—Maid and the Magpie. — Bishop.
Ballad—Mrs. Watson—That strain proclaims my lover near—Bugle obligato, Mr. Conduit. — A. Lee.
Fantasia on the Clarionet—Mr. James Kendall—Thema and Arie—from the opera of Nina, introducing the celebrated air from La Sonnambula, "Oh don't mingle," arranged for full orchestra, by — R. Corning.
New Ballad—Miss Watson—Written and composed expressly for her, "I long for a lover." — Flaccus.
New Song—Mr. C. E. Horn—Come, come to me, love—accompanied by himself on the Pianoforte. — C. E. Horn.
Duet—Mrs. and Miss Watson, (by desire)—As it fell upon a day—from the opera of Twelfth Night. — Bishop.
Cavatina—Signor Fabj—faom the opera of La Sonnambula—"Cara Luoghi." — Bellini.
Finale—Overture to La Clemenza—di Tito. — Mozart.

Tickets 50 cents, to be had at Attwill's Music Store, and at the Garden.

☞ The Grand Moving Panorama, of the Liverpool and Manchester Rail Road, the largest in the world open, and covering a surface of 50,000 square feet. Hours of Exhibition, from 10 to 1 o'clock. A.M., and from 6 to 10 P.M.

Admittance 25 cents—children 12 1-2.

Books, describing the Towns, Villages, Viaducts, Rail-Roads, &c. &c., price 1 shilling.

Stages will run from the City Hotel to and from the Garden during the day and evening.

jy 16.

THEATRICAL CARD.

WE, the undersigned, Managers of the Nashville Theatre, Tennessee, deem it necessary to state, as a caution to managers generally, that after engaging a full stock company, together with an efficient orchestra, that would cope with any other establishment in the United States, to open on the 15th instant, have been deterred from doing so, owing to the non-arrival of several, who were *bona fide* engaged, and who have shown no cause whatever for breaking their engagement—to wit:

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, formerly Miss Lane; Mrs. Kinloch; Mr. G. S. Lyons; Mrs. Lyons; Mr. Thompson; Charles Mather; J. S. Silsby; all from the St. Charles-st. Theatre, New Orleans. Also, J Fly, Stage Carpenter.

Having taken legal advice, we shall prosecute each and all on this black list, whom we deem unworthy of the attention of any respectable manager.

J. WARRELL & THOS. M. GROVES.

Nashville, Tennessee, June 18, 1836. jy 16.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

* * * Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, JUN.

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—20*th September*.—FIRST DAY.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

SECOND DAY.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

SECOND DAY.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry.*

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
July 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, F.P.; the first 2 miles out, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile heats, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

Sweepstakes open for 3 yr. old Colts & Fillies, over the Union Course.

SECOND MEETING, Fall, 1836.—Two mile heats; entrance $200; forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race: closes 1st of August.

1. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.

SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836. Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never won a race.—The second in the race to receive back stake if five start; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of September.

1. Robt. L. Stevens produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
2. Robt. Tillotson.
3. I. S. Snedecor.

FALL, 1837. Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Closes 1st of July, 1836.

1. A. P. Hamlin, produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens " Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate " Henry Mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens " Janette and Henry.
5. Also, " Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson " Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton " Powaneey and Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson " Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts " Phillis and Eclipse.

SPRING, 1839. Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropt 1836. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.—Second in race to receive back stake: four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of Jan. 1837.

N.B. A stake open for 1st meeting, Fall, 1836 Two mile heats; entrance $1000: half forfeit: to close 1st September; four or more to make a race.

New-York, June, 1836. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VA.

SWEEPSTAKES OPEN FOR THE FALL MEETING OF 1836.

1. For three year old colts and fillies, two miles and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—unrestricted. Entries to close on the 15th July; four or more to make a race.
2. For three year old colts and fillies, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—to be confined to colts and fillies raised in Culpeper and adjoining Counties, and Counties next to adjoining Counties, embracing likewise the colts of the Counties west of the Blue Ridge that adjoin any County embraced in the general limits—but to be confined to colts that never ran a race; four or more entries to make a race. Subscription to close on the 15th July. Four entries already.
3. Stake; mile and repeat, for three and four year old colts that never won a race, raised and owned in Culpeper County. Entrance 100 bushels of oats; half forfeit. Oats to be delivered at *Culpeper Court House*, or at the Race Track, before the race.
4. Stake; for three year old Truffle colts, one mile and repeat Entrance $50; thirty dollars forfeit; four or more to make a race. Entries to close on the 15th July, 1836.

Persons wishing to make entries in any of these stakes, will address—Dr. PHILIP C. HOUGHTON, *Culpeper Court House, Va.* Besides these stakes, there will be a Proprietor's Purse and two handsome Jockey Club Purses to be run for, making in all, it is supposed, at least $1000 *cash up*; and a very interesting match race. These races will commence on the thirteenth of September, and continue three or four days only, so as to give time for the horses to visit the Course at *Charlestown*, Jefferson County, where there will be many attractions. The races there will commence on the 26th September.

There is a stake open for next spring, free for any three year old colt at that time, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit; four or more to make a race. Already three have entered. Entries to close on the 15th July. june 25

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINGWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, a man who perfectly understands the management of thorough bred horses, to take charge of a three year old colt, within a short distance of this city. The very best references will be required. Apply at 36, City Hall Place june 25 3t

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. FIRST DAY—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, SECOND DAY—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary.*

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl st. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 28.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Mears, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

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